

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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## THE FRONT PAGE

A BOOM in oil comes next. Kent county, it seems, is but a crust of earth laid over a sea of oil, and it is stated that hundred acre farms that were in crop last season are now changing hands at fifty or sixty thousand dollars. During the past year or so about two hundred wells have been sunk in Tilbury township, and it is claimed that only seventeen of them were complete failures—all the others yielding up the greasy fluid and giving off the welcome stink of petroleum. From nothing up to fifteen hundred barrels per day has been the flow of these wells, and men on the spot are flushed with the idea that the oil discoveries of the region are only well begun. Chatham is the nearest centre to the Tilbury oil fields, and strangers begin to crowd the hotels, holding private interviews and driving rapidly down the sidelines, as if getting options on the whole county.

It is a curious fact that a farmer who could barely drag a living out of a farm, will rise up to meet an oil boom, and demand a price for his hundred acres that will make the most hardened speculator sit up and think before purchasing it. One would suppose that a farmer who had been tilling the ground all his days without much prospect of getting any distance ahead of the game, would gladly sell out for fifty thousand dollars to speculators who were buying on the chance that oil could be found beneath his acres. About oil the farmer knows nothing. But he has learned in selling to ask for more than is offered him, and in buying to offer less than is asked of him. These are the great ruling principles of his business system. A farmer who, when offered five thousand dollars for his farm last year asked six is now offered fifty thousand and asks sixty. No doubt he reasons, and soundly according to his experience, that he cannot be far wrong in assuming that no matter what these city chaps offer him for his property it must be worth more. But the pity of it is that when a boom of this kind has spent itself, when the location of the oil has been fully ascertained by borings and no more land is wanted, farmers who refused to sell at fancy figures, see their farms go back in a night to their old-time agricultural value, and they are crushed by a sense of loss. Worry, vain regrets, domestic bickerings follow, ending, sometimes, in suicide. The farmer whose property lies in the path of an oil boom does well to sell out and let the boom have it when the boom wants it. Nine times out of ten he will be able to buy it back again for a song after the speculators have raced away in another direction.

In the meantime, with an oil boom at Tilbury, a silver boom at Cobalt, a gold boom at Larder Lake and bookies offering odds at the Woodbine track a man does not know which way to turn first to pick up a fortune.

THE races are on at the Woodbine, and horse lovers from far and near are gathered in Toronto. Thousands of strangers are in the city on their great annual pilgrimage to see the horses scot around the track, and to enjoy a vision of wealth and fashion seeking amusement in the open air. This race meet is the most important holiday-making in Canada.

But a great change has come over the scene this year. The betting ring has been abolished! Yes, the betting ring has been abolished, out of deference to a public opinion that regards betting as gambling and gambling as sinful and sin as a blighting thing that should receive no public countenance. Where formerly the bookie with his sporty clothes and the apparatus of his calling used to score up odds on a blackboard and carelessly rake in bets and quite as carelessly toss out money to those who won—there you will look for him in vain. He is gone. The conscience of the country was too much for him; it has triumphed over him—the betting ring has been abolished.

He has gone, but he has not gone far. The betting ring has been abolished, but the people want to bet, and they are betting. The book-maker instead of occupying a stand convenient for himself and his customers, now walks about with two attendants, and takes all the bets offered. It is somewhat ludicrous to see the conscience of the country operating in this lame fashion—causing the betting to be done, not as before, but in a way inconvenient to all. The triumph of the moral reform movement extends only to the length of having abolished the conveniences for betting but not the betting itself. The strangers among us, observing the result, must find the public conscience that we use in these matters, fair subject of ridicule.

Yet the absurd situation that exists has produced itself naturally. Those who would suppress betting in every shape and form secured changes in the law and got court interpretations that wipe out the betting ring. They are not favorable to betting on the lawn or anywhere else. On the other hand the great body of those people who attend the race-meets want to bet more or less, if not for gambling purposes, for the sport and exhilaration of it, and if the ingenuity of man can devise a means whereby the will of those who are not present can be circumvented to suit the pleasure of those who are present, the thing will be done and bets will be made. In fact bets will be made in spite of any law that can be enacted. Bets will be made as long as horses run and men talk. The practice of betting on race tracks cannot be suppressed very well so long as most of those who are present do not want it suppressed, but conspire to continue it. Forcing great masses of the people by law to be better than they want to be, was always an up-hill business. But—don't bet.

A TALE of slaughter almost without parallel in the world is found in the story of the destruction of the buffalo that once ranged the plains of the West in numbers beyond counting. Perhaps Rider Haggard's "Nada the Lily," telling of the days of King Chaka, the Lion of the Zulus, who was said to have been responsible during his life-time for the killing of one million of his fellow-beings, has in it more slaughter per page than any book of its size ever published. Yet the slaughter of the buffalo in our western country was no mean orgy of killing, when it is remembered that Chaka's black men gathered to be killed, while the buffalo herds ran away and had to be hunted. Animals lack the intelligence to form up in regi-

ments, and at a word of command, hurl themselves on the spears or rifle-pits that deal sure death.

It was the rifle in the hands of the white man that gave the buffalo his finishing touch, although the Indians were terribly improvident, and used to drive herds into great pitfalls, slaying them by hundreds where dozens would have sufficed to meet the needs of the tribe.

Yet when we talk about the buffalo and that blood-lust in men that led to their destruction, it is well to remember that these great animals moving in herds could not, under any circumstances, have remained in a West that was being peopled, seeded to grain, and given over to the grazing of more useful domestic cattle. Sooner or later,

existed. The Privy Council, of which Canadians are expected to stand in awe, has no status whatever in Great Britain. It deals only with cases that are appealed to London from the colonies and dependencies of the Empire—from Ontario and the Punjab, from the sheep ranges of Australia and the mining districts of South Africa, and from all those regions that were once regarded by the counsellors of the King as being remote and of rather inferior concern. If the proposal is that there shall be one court of final appeal for the whole Empire, it sounds well; but Canada and Australia cannot be expected to grow enthusiastic about a court of final appeal that is held in disdain by the courts of the United Kingdom—a court

ambushes and imprisonments. Something of the old confidence of the masses of our people in British diplomacy disappeared, throwing us back on the feeling that we had to depend on our own resources, when the Alaska boundary award came out. Among us there is no doubt that we could give away whatever a powerful neighbor might covet, just as well as if the giving were done via London. More than all that, however, the growth of the country naturally strengthens the self-reliance of the people.

But this self-reliance, if it be informed with intelligence, should prove an unmixed good. A strongly developed national spirit will do no harm to this country, even should our relations with the Empire be drawn closer in the future than they are at present. The difference will be—and it will be an important difference—that with such a spirit strongly developed those who negotiate closer relations will have to do it because the future will justify those relations, not because the past prompts them. In negotiating any such relations the men who represent us will look for their reward here among ourselves, not from the Colonial Office in London. The growth of a national spirit makes possible for this country whatever is best for this country.

ORANGEVILLE is in a state of excitement over one of those not infrequent crimes involving a man and a woman—in which the woman goes to her grave while the man goes about his daily business. While these cases are by no means infrequent, the present one seems peculiar in this, that the whole town appears to know all about the case while the Crown announces that it could not get sufficient evidence to secure a conviction, and had to let go on suspended sentence a man who pleaded guilty, but who, it is said, accuses others of a guilt greater than his own in causing the death of the woman.

The case does not make a pleasant one to discuss in detail. Much is said by judges and lawyers in censure of "trial by newspaper," but if the Crown will not carry a case of this kind to trial in court, public opinion is sure to approve trial by newspaper.

SOMETHING of a change has come over the international postal question as regards newspapers during the past week, through the publication of interviews by the Postmaster-General of Canada and the United States. The Postmaster-General at Washington states that he did not desire any increase in the postal rates at all; that being forced to accept an increase he was, and yet is, willing that the date on which the increased rates should go into effect should be postponed until January next, or to any later date. The Postmaster-General at Ottawa says that Canadian newspapers were in error in saying that the Canadian authorities, while insisting on the increase of rates, sought to have the date put off until January 1 next. As Canada was losing so much by the old arrangement and gaining so much by the new, it was deemed advisable by the Canadian postal authorities to have the new rates go into effect at once. I considered I had excellent authority for saying in these columns that the Canadian postal authorities had sought to have the date fixed at January 1 next, but that the Washington people considered it better, if they had to take bad medicine, to take it at once and be done with it.

However, the people at Washington are willing to have the operation of the new rates postponed until January next. That being so, and the whole kick from Canadian publishers concerning the new rates being confined to the one point that the change came into effect without notice in advance, it would seem to be good policy for the Ottawa Government to meet the views of the Washington Government and shunt the new rates over until January 1 next. The Canadian Press Association urged this action on the Postmaster-General at Ottawa when presenting a resolution approving his new postal policy.

Certain complications have arisen through the fact that publishers on both sides of the line have already collected extra sums for postage from readers; and also through the fact that the British post-office, recognizing the new postal convention as already in effect, changed its postal rates to Canada accordingly. Even in the face of these complications it would probably be good politics and just business to shift the date for the introduction of the new rates to the first of the year.

ONE of the Toronto papers mentions the indictment of Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco and the conviction of Abe Reuf, the municipal boss of that city, and wants to know whether public life in Canada is purer or public opinion less effective than in the United States. Reuf and Schmitz were bold open-air thieves in San Francisco. Schmitz got into the mayor's chair as the representative of organized labor—he had earned his living as a bassoon player in a theatre orchestra until the night he was elected chief magistrate of the city. Critics say of him that he was a man who meant well, but he was not strong enough to keep on the straight path and fell under the guidance of Abram Reuf, a lawyer, who became municipal boss. Reuf seems to have been an insatiable robber, who made every branch of civic government yield booty to himself, to Schmitz and to the campaign fund by means of which new leases of power were purchased at the polls. All this does not seem so startlingly different from some events within the experience of Canadians, but between the doings in San Francisco and anything known to us in Canada there is, I think, a wide difference. In this country money has been raised for campaign funds in reprehensible ways and spent in ways equally reprehensible, but, at least, we can say that there is no evidence to show that any political party or any group of municipal rulers have ever banded together as robbers for personal gain, licensing vice and crime and sharing as partners in gambling dens that they were supposed to suppress. In fact we have had no experience of the municipal boss as he flourishes in San Francisco, Milwaukee, New York and many other cities of the republic, and it must be assumed that the reason we have escaped this evil is not because men have not been ready to become bosses, but because the people were not willing to pass under such rule.

In other words, while we may not have a public opinion a bit readier than that met with elsewhere to jail prominent persons, we seem to have a public opinion that concerns itself much earlier with the decencies of muni-



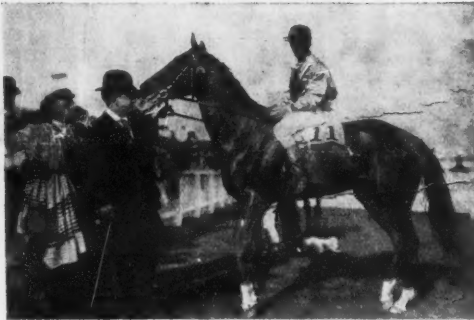
The winner J. G. C. leading in the Royal Canadian Steeplechase.



Start of the Minto Stakes.



On the Members' Lawn.



Kelvin, King's Plate winner and his owner, Mr. T. Ambrose Woods.



A daily scene across the Members' Lawn.

## PICTURES FROM WOODBINE

by means swift or slow, the buffalo had to make way for a new order. He could not be permitted to run at large in such numbers as to shake the earth with his going. A traveller on the C.P.R. a few years ago could see at some points in the West long piles of buffalo bones gathered and awaiting shipment, looking much like those long piles of cordwood that one sometimes sees at railway stations in New Ontario. These bones had been gathered on the prairie or in hollows where years before the Indians had made great killings.

The Canadian Government have purchased in Montana the last living herd of buffalo, and will place them on a range near Lamont, on the C.N.R. There are about five hundred animals in the herd, and this week eighteen cars laden with the bulls will be carried by rail to Lamont, and will be followed later by the cows and calves. There is perhaps as much sentiment as business behind this attempt to re-establish the buffalo. The animals will interest tourists, will give a western touch to the West, but the fate of the animal is clouded by the circumstance that there is more money in beef than in buffalo meat.

REFERRING to some recent expressions in the Canadian press of discontent with the Privy Council, the Yorkshire Post expresses the hope that there may long be an Imperial court of final appeal. The idea may be a good one. But the thing does not exist, and has not yet

that settles disputes conducted in broken English and originating in the white, brown, black and yellow extremities of the Empire.

REV. CANON MACNAB, speaking at a meeting of the United Empire Loyalist Association in Toronto one day this week, expressed "the fear that there was growing up with the younger generation of Canadians a widespread feeling of nationalism among those who knew nothing about the manner in which the foundations of the country had been laid in the blood of their forefathers." There is a growing feeling of nationalism in Canada, but it is not clear that Canon Macnab need grieve because of it. Col. George Taylor Denison, who was present when the fear was expressed, responded with his usual astuteness, that the growth of a national spirit in Canada was an excellent thing and would better qualify our people for citizenship in a great Empire.

A new spirit has manifested itself in Canada in the last few years, and the manifestations that grieve Canon Macnab delight many others. There has been a great development of Canadian self-reliance. Among the masses of our people something of the old feeling of dependence disappeared forever when they looked across to South Africa and saw our untrained volunteers romping through the Boer war, showing as much courage under fire as British regulars, and a great deal more craft in avoiding traps,



cial government than the corresponding public opinion of an American city. Perhaps if popular and wealthy robbers were in control of the Toronto City Hall it would be no easy task to dislodge them and send them to jail, but so far public opinion has been strong enough to keep robbers out, or to save weak men from following the course that may lodge the mayor of San Francisco in prison. It is not well to boast, but it is necessary in common fairness and in respect for truth to say that Toronto has had a pretty honest municipal government, and that we have had, what many cities across the border have suffered for lack of, a pretty honest and reliable police force. The good character of this force is, perhaps, in itself an evidence of a fairly sound public opinion.

SOMETHING like seven thousand immigrants have reached Toronto since the first of the month and most of them have scattered through Ontario to accept employment on farms. A great many of these people are entirely new to farm work, while all of them are new to the kind of farm work they will be introduced to in this province. More of them are coming. Many of those who farmed last year are working in the towns and cities now, and, if new-comers arrive all summer as they have been doing this spring, it is probable that we shall see quite an army of people move into Toronto next fall bringing with them about enough money to see them half through the winter.

A WORKMAN in Germany has been imprisoned on the charge of having made a face at the Emperor. The man was at work on a building as the Kaiser passed in an automobile, and it was charged that the man stuck out his tongue as the august being went by on the street below. A fellow-workman, scandalized by the treason, or desiring to make trouble, reported the occurrence, whereupon the poor workman put up the defence that he did not stick out his tongue but shouted "hurrah" as the Kaiser passed. How could he help it if his facial make-up gave his applause the appearance of a grimace?

The Emperor of Germany is being made absurd in the eyes of the world by these prosecutions for *lese-majeste*. If the work-people of Germany do not hold the Kaiser in respect the police and the prisons cannot compel respect. He cannot improve matters by enforcing laws under circumstances that make him the butt of ridicule. Indeed, one suspects that those who enforce these laws are making game of their Imperial master.

WHENEVER the police make a raid on a Chinese laundry in Toronto and coop up a score or two of Celestials on the charge of gambling, one hears the remark made on all sides that the authorities appear to expend most of their energies on these yellow sports and their game of fan-tan, while apparently caring little what white men do. Those who speak in this way probably do so without much reflection. There is no Chinese quarter in this city, and the police keep the yellow men "moving on" whenever they show a disposition to congregate in any one spot for gambling purposes. They are raided, arrested, fined, and have so far failed to establish their peculiar institutions in this city. In most places of Toronto's size the Chinese in their own retreats are free to do pretty much as they like—are regarded as incurably yoked to their vices and force is used only to keep their evil-doing within certain fixed bounds. Here the police have made no such compromise with the yellow men, but keep them on the move, and, up to the present time, the city is to be congratulated on the way the plan has worked.

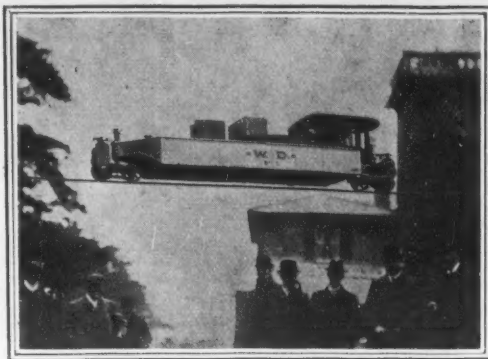
MACK.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER was called all sorts of agreeable names in London—the Nestor of the Conference, the Silver-tongued Orator of the Empire, and half a dozen others. A few Imperialists, who mistake prancing for progress, were vexed with him because he did things which less excitable people regard thankfully (says The Monetary Times). He spoke for preference, he gave the Britishers plain talk on the cattle embargo, he lauded inter-imperial independence, and he counteracted the eagerness of Mr. Deakin, who is much conditioned by the extremities of labor legislation; and of Dr. Jameson, of whom, perhaps, it is unkind to say that he was once before in a disastrous hurry to help a revolution. With the First Canadian, then, reposed the restraining and progressive power of the Conference; for he represented the balanced, experienced aspiration to go ahead, which makes resistance to short-sighted haste really valuable. Australia talked most. Canada exercised the heavier counsel. That Sir Wilfrid completely satisfied neither free trader nor tariff reformer, but strongly impressed both, is the best promise that our Imperial influence can easily grow. If we merely said "Ditto" to one or another British party's creed we might as well become resigned to a perpetual provincialism, too big to be dignified, too circumscribed to be impartial, incapable of being Imperial.

COLONEL GEORGE HARVEY, editor of Harper's Weekly, delivered a remarkable address at a recent dinner given by the National Dramatic Club in New York. Replying to a toast, he made a speech in the shape of a sermon taking for his text the thirteenth and sixteenth verses of the tenth chapter of Ecclesiastes: "Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child. . . . The beginning of the words of his mouth is foolishness, and the end of his talk is mischievous madness." Colonel Harvey, of course, applied this text to the United States and its impetuous President. He referred to Mr. Roosevelt as a mischievous child with "a passion for notoriety, noisy, confused, contradictory, inconsistent, illogical, irrational." As might be expected, the colonel's "sermon" is provoking no small amount of spirited comment in the press of the Republic.

AS has often been remarked, all bulls are not of Irish origin. That canny Scot, Andrew Carnegie, writing about Canada in The North American Review some time ago, said: "Now that the young colony has grown to the estate of manhood, it begins to prove an undutiful daughter to the mother country."

WE hear a great deal these days about "startling new conditions" and the altered complexion of opportunity in "the rushing age in which we live." But human nature does not change. We have always had the rich and the poor, and we will always have them. And the men who compose these two classes fall into them, now as always, because of character and temperament, not on account of "conditions." This passage from Ruskin's "Unto This Last" does not apply to any particular age of the world. It sounds like a piece of current journalistic comment, but it applies to men as they were a thousand years ago, as they are to-day, and as they will be a thousand years hence: "In a community regulated only by laws of demand and supply, but protected from open violence, the persons who become rich are, generally



Brennan's Gyroscopic Monorail

This picture shows Brennan's one-rail railway in operation, a car running on a cable in mid-air. Scientists are hotly discussing the possibilities of the invention for practical uses. It is based on the gyroscopic principle of the trick spinning top, and the car preserves its balance surprisingly. Other pictures show it carrying a man instead of the boxes shown above, while in others the car is shown speeding along a cable thrown carelessly on the ground.

speaking, industrious, resolute, proud, covetous, prompt, methodical, sensible, unimaginative, insensitive and ignorant. The persons who remain poor are the entirely foolish, the entirely wise, the idle, the reckless, the humble, the thoughtful, the dull, the imaginative, the sensitive, the well-informed, the improvident, the irregularly and impulsively wicked, the clumsy knave, the open thief, and the entirely merciful, just, and godly person."

## How it Works Out.

ORANGEVILLE, MAY 20, 1907.

Editor Saturday Night: Enclosed is a copy of a letter I am sending the publishers of the Literary Digest, in reply to a notice from them that I must pay 85 cents a year additional on account of the new postal arrangements. I "figure," as the Alaska boundary commissioners would say, that the 85 cents, being about what it is worth, or something less than it is worth, to transport and deliver 52 numbers of this magazine—supposing each government to get and give a "square deal" by handling an equal amount of goods—then since our Government has been delivering free of charge 200 bags of second-class matter for one bag delivered free of charge by the United States Government, the Literary Digest, which cost me \$3, must have been costing the Canadian Government something like this:

$$85 \text{ cents} \times \frac{1}{4} \times 200 = \$85.00.$$

I have hardly the wish to be bonused in just this way.

Yours truly,

J. N. FISH.

## Enormous Legal Fees.

THE newspapers of the United States refer to Mr. Delmas as a second or third-rate attorney because his fee in the Shaw case was only \$25,000. Says the Des Moines Register and Leader: "The late Colonel Ingersoll, James R. Dill, William Nelson Cromwell, Senator Piles, and a half-dozen other lawyers have been paid fees so many times larger than this as to put them out of the Delmas class altogether." A list of these fees has been compiled which shows the estimated payment of noted lawyers in big cases. We read in this paper: The list is astounding. That James R. Dill, of New York, received an even million dollars for settling a Steel Corporation dispute has been repeatedly asserted as a fact. That William Nelson Cromwell made \$1,000,000, or possibly \$2,000,000, by negotiating the sale of the Panama Canal is a sub-rosa assertion which has yet to be denied. Before a Senate committee Mr. Cromwell admitted having received \$200,000 and said he expected more. This is not Mr. Cromwell's first big fee. For reorganizing the firm of Decker, Howell & Co. in 1891 he received from the court \$260,000. He is said to have been paid a \$100,000 on another occasion. It is claimed that Mr. Dill, now a judge on the New Jersey bench, was paid a million dollars for straightening out the tangle between Andrew Carnegie and Henry C. Frick over the transfer of the properties merged in the United States Steel Corporation. A fee of \$800,000 is said to have been paid to a New York lawyer, William D. Guthrie, for breaking the will of the late Henry B. Plant, owner of a system of steamships, railroads and hotels. Another large attorney's fee recently granted in a court's decision at Seattle was that of Senator S. H. Piles, who will get \$450,000 in the famous John Sullivan will case. In a contested will case recently closed at Milwaukee one firm of lawyers was allowed \$107,000, another \$50,000, and a third \$150,000. For a single argument before the United States Supreme Court Joseph H. Choate is said to have received \$200,000. The effect of the argument was the declaring unconstitutional of the income tax.

Had Mr. Delmas received the \$100,000 fee which it was at first rumored he was to receive he would rank among the highest-paid lawyers of the country, but a \$25,000 fee does not entitle him to this honor.

## A Characteristic Stead Reform.

MR. W. T. STEAD did a very characteristic thing at the recent Peace Conference in New York. At all the meetings he wore his visiting-card on the lapel of his coat and so saved his fellow-delegates the embarrassment of not knowing him. An American journalist, commenting on this innovation, says:

The inclination will be to treat Mr. Stead's reform with levity. There is something about it that suggests identifying numbers on a race-track. But it meets a real need, and will relieve more embarrassment in large gatherings than any device yet hit upon.

When every attendant on our large conventions properly labels himself there will be no hesitation about approaching men "whose faces are familiar." That long rigmarole of questions anxiously put for some clue to identify will become unnecessary. The occasion for introductions, involving the pronunciation of names or something passing for it, will be done away with.

Mr. Stead has proposed many radical reforms. We doubt if he has suggested any so promising as this.

THE King is proverbially tactful, and it is claimed that his recent absence from England would not have been so prolonged but for the Imperial Conference. He evidently wished to avoid being placed in the position of seeming to take sides in any difference of opinion on matters of policy between the Home Government and the visiting Premiers.

THE Brantford Expositor remarks that with New Zealand's system of compulsory arbitration of labor disputes, it seems likely to be a case of "three strikes and out."

## Decoration Day.

WHILE music's voice assuasive breathes  
And fragrant May in color blooms,  
Let love's expression twined in wreaths  
Engarland all our heroes' tombs.

High as the stars o'er clouds and mists  
That veil us in this earthly house,  
They stand apart in kingly lists  
With glory beaming on their brows.

They heard the call at war's alarms  
And answer'd, "Here am I, send me;"  
Brave volunteers—they shoulder'd arms  
And march'd to glorious victory.

They teach us courage. Forth they strode  
On battle's day through reek and heat;  
Firm as a rock in fire they stood,  
Exultant for'd the foe's retreat.

They teach us honor. Deeds of might  
Should touch the coward heart to flame;  
For love, for home, for freedom's right  
They won by death a deathless name.

They roused the country's loyal heart.  
As wide the ancient flag unfurl'd;  
They taught the land a patriot's part.  
Upheld their valor to the world.

They gave, as gave the Son of God,  
Their lives, that tyrant wrongs might cease;  
The streams that fed the ensanguined sod  
Yet live and bloom in crowns of peace.

By garlands wove of sweetest flowers,  
By colors that our hearts inflame,  
By speech and music be it ours  
To tell the story of their fame.

CHARLES HAROLD BARETROP.

Toronto, May, '07.

## A Canadian Writes of Evils in Paris.

A CANADIAN who has, by numerous visits, become well acquainted with Paris, as it was and as it is, writes to SATURDAY NIGHT regarding the evils of the French capital—evils very offensive to tourists from this country. He says:

Paris and its evils are only known to those who visit that city, and the evils should be exposed for the benefit of those who may wish to send their sons and daughters there. At present the youth of either sex can but be taught lessons of vice in all its forms—this now predominating in all directions.

At one time what attracted people to Paris was its art and architecture, and on arriving in Paris twenty years ago you would be met by guides eager to direct you to its places of historic and artistic interest. But things seem to have changed greatly since those days, as the city is now infested with guides for no other purpose than to direct the stranger to what is known as the "peep-show" and places of immorality with which Paris now abounds, and these places are not only open to men, but it is known that the guides are doing a flourishing business by directing women visitors also to them.

It is impossible for any one visiting Paris to avoid coming in contact with the many vices that exist there, as there seems to be no distinction between the classes. The thousands of sporting women that Paris contains mingle with the masses and have access to the best hotels and cafes, and it is impossible for respectable people to visit any part of Paris without encountering them. Paris is setting an example to the world in immorality. People there seem to let themselves drift into this state of affairs without any check being offered against it until it seems to have become second nature to them—their only thought seeming to be vice.

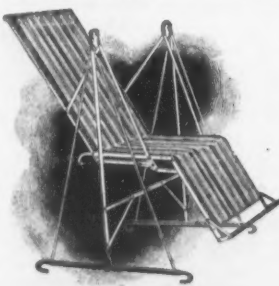
If such a state of things were confined to Paris alone the evil would not be so great, but it should be taken into consideration that Paris attracts people from all countries, and many people send their children there to be educated; and these, at least, should be protected against vice. Paris is prospering, but the morals of other countries are paying for its prosperity.

Indecent photographs and post-cards, and immoral literature in all its forms are sold openly through news stands, book stores, and through the agency of guides. You are pestered by these guides to purchase at all hours, and the milder forms of this art and literature are exhibited in all parts of the city, where they can be secured by anyone; and, in short, nothing seems to be too vile or too vulgar for exhibition or for sale.

In one form or another these obscene and filthy post-cards have found their way to Canada and the United States, as they have been carried across and republished, and the result is that these countries are over-run with them, and this is proving a source of degradation and demoralization to the young.

The smoking habit that is so prevalent amongst the American and English women at the present day was acquired in Paris, where women mingle in the hotels and cafes with the "sporting women" who all smoke.

I cannot understand how so many of the better class of people have been visiting Paris year by year and yet have made no protest against it. It is time now some steps were taken, and the authorities given to understand that such vice must not exist if Paris is to have the patronage of respectable people of other countries; and if a strong sentiment were aroused by the latter it would have a good effect.



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Wedding Trousseau

Opera Mantles

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StoreGloves in all the Newest Shapes,  
Evening Gloves in all lengths,  
Corsets—La Grecque and La Spitz.To Obtain  
Complete Effects

In the DECORATION of a room it is necessary to have the whole treatment directed by one expert mind. That is our plan, and our equipment in all lines of house decoration enables us to do it very reasonably.

**ELLIOTT & SON, Limited**

79 King Street West, Toronto

Summer Weddings catered for  
that delights everybody.

Our handsome Wedding Cakes are noted for their perfect excellence.

May we serve you?

719 Yonge Street Phone N. 2004  
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Giles

An Enjoyable  
Dinner

You may depend upon spending a most pleasant hour here. There is an exclusiveness which is appreciated by the man who wishes to dine well. Discuss the day's races over a table at the St. Charles this evening.

Table d'Hôte daily, from 6 p.m. to 8.30 p.m.  
(Sunday included)CUPS, SHIELDS,  
MEDALS.....

Our new stock for this season is larger, handsomer and more reasonable than ever. Dull French grey and bright are pleasingly blended to form a new finish. We offer the best goods obtainable at lower prices than any one else, because we are able and willing to do so. If committees wish their money to go farthest, they will come to us.

**WANLESS & Co.**

ESTABLISHED 1840

168 Yonge St. - - - TORONTO

## FOR THE RACES

The prettiest gown is enhanced by a corsage bouquet, arranged with artistic simplicity by

**Dunlop's**

96 YONGE STREET

Telephone, mail or telegraph orders receive prompt attention.

Night and Sunday, Phone Park 792

## NOW IS THE TIME

to secure one of those COMFORT CHAIRS, Swing and Morris Styles, the Ideal Chair for the Lawn.

METALLIC VASES in all sizes. Large range of prices.

LAWN BENCHES, painted and varnished.

HAMMOCKS, in various colors, with Pillow and Valance.

FLAGS, in red, navy and blue. Assortment of sizes.

**RICE LEWIS & SON**  
LIMITED  
Cor. King and Victoria Streets, TORONTO



## INVESTMENTS.

Reports on Securities  
furnished on application.  
Bonds and Stock bought  
and sold on Commission.

## A. E. Ames &amp; Co.

LIMITED  
7-9 King St. E. TORONTO

CAPITAL PAID UP \$1,000,000  
RESERVE FUND \$1,000,000

**CENTRAL CANADA**  
LOAN & SAVINGS  
COMPANY  
TORONTO

## TORONTO CURB

Orders in above market executed on Com-  
mission only. STOCKS AND BONDS on  
all Stock Exchanges Bought and Sold for  
Cash or on Margin.

## WYATT &amp; CO.

Members Toronto Stock Exchange  
46 King St. W. Telephone Main 7842, 7843

**Royal Insurance Company**  
(OF LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND)

**LIFE DEPARTMENT**  
CANADIAN POLICYHOLDERS

share in the  
PROFITS OF THE COMPANY'S  
ENTIRE LIFE BUSINESS.

Toronto Office, 27-29 Wellington St. East  
Phone Main 4600.

Electric Railway Bonds in  
amounts of \$100. 5 per cent  
interest for small invest-  
ments.

WRITE FOR CIRCULAR  
**WARDEN & FRANCIS**  
Confederation Life Building,  
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**The Imperial Trusts**  
Company of Canada

4% allowed on deposits of \$1.00 and up-  
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cheque. Pocket Savings Banks may  
be had on application.

Head Office 17 Richmond St. West



8 Richmond St., E., Toronto  
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager

**Ontario Jockey Club**  
TORONTO

**Spring Meeting**

Commencing May 18th—June 1st  
RACING AND STEEPLECHASING

The Toronto Cup, \$5,000, will be  
run May 24th., and a number of valu-  
able stakes during the meeting, finish-  
ing with a splendid programme on  
Saturday, June 1st.

Jos. E. Scagram, M.P.  
President  
W. P. Fraser  
Sec'y-Treas.

## THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

MONTREAL



MR. EMIL C. BOECKH  
Toronto

THE monetary stringency has been less severe this week than for some time past, but it cannot be said that money is easily obtainable. There is a great deal of discrimination on the part of lenders and all demands for anything of a speculative nature are turned down. The liquidation in securities has relieved the business situation to some extent. That there has been an active demand on the part of manufacturers and merchants for accommodation is reflected in the increase of over \$7,000,000 in discounts by the banks during the month of April. This could not have been effected had there been no liquidation in call loans. A fortunate circumstance was the lower rates for money in New York. The premium on money in Canada was conducive to the withdrawal of funds from the American metropolis, and our own business interests therefore received the benefits. In no time for probably a quarter of a century has money ruled so high in this country as during the past six months, and there never was a time when so much capital was being employed. The rates paid for money have not been excessive, which was due more to our effective banking system than to anything else. The chartered banks of Canada, with some 1,300 branches in every part and corner of the country, make the facilities enjoyed in the larger centres almost universal. The borrower gets money at a lower rate than the borrower in any of the other British colonies, and at a lower rate than in the United States, except in the great cities of the east. So perfectly is the distribution made that as between the higher class of business in Montreal and the ordinary merchant in the Northwest, the interest paid is not more than one or two per cent.

For the first time in several months the deposits in the chartered banks of Canada last month, showed an increase. The resumption of increasing deposits is no doubt due to the fact that the transportation of goods and produce has again resumed normal movements. On the 30th of April last the deposits of our banks aggregated \$639,617,000, an increase of \$8,600,000 for the month, and an increase of \$65,750,000 in twelve months. The growth of business in Canada, as measured by commercial discounts, is very striking. A year ago in April, the discounts of Canadian paper aggregated \$486,683,000, while on the final day of April last they had reached \$586,149,000, or in round numbers an increase of \$100,000,000. This increase is a little out of proportion to the increase of \$65,750,000 in deposits during the same period. But the liquidation in loans on securities and in commercial paper elsewhere than in Canada, enabled the banks to look after their domestic commercial interests. Call loans, for instance, have been reduced \$8,300,000 within a year, and foreign discounts have contracted over \$6,500,000. The total loans and discounts, which aggregate \$713,869,000, show an increase of only \$84,570,000 in the past twelve months, while the strictly Canadian discounts, as before stated, increased \$100,000,000.

Notwithstanding the large increase in the fixed assets of the banks, these institutions appear to be quietly increasing their liquid assets, which will protect them in case of any emergency arising. These liquid, or immediately available assets, increased about \$4,000,000 during April in spite of the fact that call loans decreased \$5,230,000 for the month referred to. Cash, comprising specie and Dominion notes, were increased by \$2,500,000, the total being \$67,990,000, whereas the balances carried abroad were increased by \$6,650,000. The bank notes in circulation show a contraction of \$3,500,000 for April, and an increase of \$6,310,000 as compared with a year ago.

Brokers are disappointed with the action of the stock market. The local list holds up pretty well, but the hammering of securities on Wall Street and constant liquidation, produce uneasiness, and intending purchasers are driven away. There is also a good deal of uncertainty as to the outcome of the crops, and this feeling of unsettlement is likely to continue a month yet. Owing to this lack of speculation there is little demand for money on the part of brokers, and it is perhaps just as well. Funds are not plentiful, and bankers are not encouraging stock operations. Some loans, however, have been made recently at 6½ per cent.

Money in London is firmer this week, and there is a feeling that the New York rates will be put up as a preventative to gold exports. Shipments of this metal seem to be expected soon. The "balance of trade" and the crop situation have something to do with the matter. It is claimed that the United States visible trade balance is \$119,000,000 below what it was a year ago. The reason why crop prospects affect foreign exchange thus early is that bankers habitually draw on European capital before the crops are harvested, by way of preparing to finance them. Such drafts are paid off by the proceeds of agricultural exports in the autumn. But if a banker expected that such autumn exports would be abnormally small, he would hesitate to draw on Europe; his hesitation would prevent the anticipated sale of sterling bills, and exchange would rise. It is said that the Bank of France will likely allow interest on gold in transit. Such interest allowance would hasten the gold movement and possibly might add to the volume of gold exported. By allowing interest, and thus assuring a movement of gold from New York to Paris, the Bank of France, which advanced about \$13,000,000 to the English market at the close of last year, would, in turn, be helping the London market to make repayment by shifting the burden of gold exports from London to New York. Incidentally it is probable, bankers say, that the United States owe a considerable amount to Paris on finance bills drawn some time back and now maturing.

It is generally believed that there are too many bulls on the grain market and too many bears on the security market. If this be so, then a sudden reversion of sentiment may occur. A veteran

made the remark the other day that the bears in the grain market had already been squeezed so hard that there would soon be no buying power left, "and you must always remember that it takes two to make a trade," he added. In the same way certain interests think that the stock market acts as if it is in a dangerously over sold state. Unless the weather changes, however, it is hard to discern what can start a sustained upward movement.

Trading in wheat has been quite active during the week, and a higher record price for this season has been established. There has been considerable profit-taking, but at no time were reactions pronounced. Prices in Chicago are about 20c. per bushel higher than a year ago. The buoyancy of the market has been such that many stock exchange operators have gone into the wheat pit for the first time, and they seem to like it. Reports from our own Northwest have on the whole been more favorable this week, while those from some parts of the United States have been most discouraging for the wheat grower. European advices were, if anything, less favorable, and the export demand has improved. Stocks of wheat in farmers' hands in America are large, they being 45,000,000 to 48,000,000 bushels greater than a year ago, and some 95,000,000 bushels more than two years ago. The total crop of the United States in 1907 was in the neighborhood of 735,000,000 bushels, and in the previous year 693,000,000 bushels. Some authorities now estimate that this season's crop will not be over 535,000,000 bushels, or 200,000,000 bushels less than that of 1906.

Representatives of thirteen municipalities in Western Ontario met at the City Hall, Toronto, on Tuesday of this week and approved the terms of the tender of the Ontario Power Company accepted by the Government and the Hydro-Electric Power Commission. The terms of the tender are that 100,000 horse-power will be available, and the minimum quantity to be taken would be 8,000 horse-power, the price to be \$10.40 per horse-power per annum up to 25,000, and thereafter \$10. A continuous service would be guaranteed under penalty; contract to run ten years and to be renewable for three periods of ten years. The thirteen municipalities concerned are Toronto, Hamilton, London, Woodstock, Brantford, Guelph, Berlin, Ingersoll, Stratford, Galt, St. Mary's, Waterloo and Tillsonburg.

Interest continues to be taken in the statement that the steel rail makers of the United States have so cheapened the processes of manufacture that the rails are no longer equal to the strain put upon them. Some of the leading newspapers are urging that there should be a Government enquiry because the lives of the people are at risk.

It would seem that some men will pause nowhere in the pursuit of profits. Some years ago a vessel was wrecked on Lake Michigan and all on board drowned but one man. It was found that the life-preservers, supposed to be filled with cork—stamped as such, bearing the mark of Government inspection as such—were really stuffed with marsh grass which, when once saturated with water, became dead-weights, and instead of buoying up the wearers, robbed them of chance of life. There was a rumour, of course. But nothing really worth while was done. For instance, nobody was hanged, and the hanging of all concerned would have been the only adequate punishment for men who drowned many fellow-creatures to save the difference between the price of cork and marsh grass.

## When is a Conscience not a Conscience?

I'd like to be a corporation, syndicate or trust.  
My conscience then would cease to call me rogue.  
I'd like to snap my fingers in the face of public quest:  
Information I'd refuse to disembody.

Full oft I've heard it whispered by those we may believe  
That numbers cover multitudes of sins:  
That because they form a company they're not required to  
know  
Where honor ends, dishonesty begins.

It seems when man, unceasingly, is toiling at his best—  
Is toiling with his own unaided brain—  
His conscience guards him watchfully lest Fortune bid  
him stray  
Far away from paths of honest gain.

But let him join a combine or association, trust,  
And his conscience passes suddenly away.  
He ceases to acknowledge his responsibility,  
Nor naught against wrong-doing does he say.

Methinks that evolution is but to retrogress,  
And progress a reversion unto type.  
For man in primal periods Darwin writes about  
Was much as is his present antitype.

Thornhill, May 22.

On the bookplate of the Guggenheim family is depicted a library with a delicate tracery at the bottom of the design which represents lace. The Bellman notes that Simon Guggenheim originally dealt in that filmy product. He was increasing his bank account at a conservative rate when a customer failed in business and offered to Mr. Guggenheim a copper mining claim. The merchant refused to take it at first, saying he was in the lace business only. He manifested enough interest in the claim finally to spend a few hundred dollars in developing it. The result was the Guggenheim millions.

Theodore N. Vail, who has been elected president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company of Boston at a salary of \$100,000, was born in New Jersey sixty-two years ago, and in his youth worked on a farm in Iowa.

## BANK OF HAMILTON

SAVINGS  
ACCOUNTS  
INVITED

INTEREST PAID  
QUARTERLY

BRANCHES IN THE CITY OF TORONTO  
34 Yonge Street Cor. Yonge and Gould  
Cor. Queen and Spadina Cor. College and Ossington  
Toronto Junction

## THE BANK OF OTTAWA

credits interest on Savings Accounts  
QUARTERLY.

OFFICES IN TORONTO:  
37 King St. East and corner of Broadview and Gerrard

## THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA

A cordial invitation is extended by The Crown Bank of Canada to women who are visiting in Toronto, to make use of the banking and the rest rooms in connection with the thirty four King street west branch.

## THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Capital Paid up \$1,000,000. Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits \$1,183,713.23

Accounts of individuals, firms and corporations solicited, and handled with utmost security.

Foreign and Domestic Exchange bought and sold. Letters of Credit issued—available everywhere. Collections promptly and satisfactorily made.

In the Savings Department the highest current rate of interest is allowed on deposits of \$1.00 and upwards. Interest compounded FOUR times a year.

## THE STERLING BANK OF CANADA.

Proceedings of the First Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders, held at the Head Office of the Bank, 50 Yonge Street, Toronto, on Tuesday, the 21st day of May, 1907.

The chair was taken by the President, Mr. G. T. Somers, and the General Manager was requested to act as Secretary, when the following Statement was read:—

To the Shareholders:

The Directors beg to present the following Statement of the result of the business of the Bank for the first year ending 30th April, 1907.

Net profits for the year, after deducting all organization expenses, \$27,206 17

Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date) 1,470,291 60

Premium on Stock sold 171,151 38

\$198,357 55

Appropriated as follows:

Dividend No. 1 (1½ per cent, quarterly), payable 15th May, 1907... \$ 9,682 32

Transferred to Reserve Fund 171,151 38

Balance at credit Profit and Loss 17,522 85

\$198,357 55

## RESERVE FUND.

Balance at credit of account, 30th April, 1907... \$171,151 38

G. T. SOMERS, President.

## GENERAL STATEMENT.

## LIABILITIES.

Notes in Circulation \$ 503,605 00

Deposits not bearing interest 436,110 04

Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date) 1,470,291 60

Due to other Banks in Canada 1,906,401 64

45,866 89

Total Liabilities to the Public \$2,455,873 63

Capital Stock paid up 774,794 95

Reserve Fund 171,151 38

Balance of Profits carried forward 17,522 85

Dividend No. 1, payable 15th May, 1907 9,682 32

\$2,428,956 13

## ASSETS.

Specie \$ 23,567 00

Dominion Government Demand Notes for Security 336,274 00

Deposits with Dominion Government for Security 10,000 00

Note Circulation 206,813 66

Deposits due from other Banks in Canada 20,219 20

Deposits due from other Banks in United Kingdom 14,644 70

Deposits due from other Banks elsewhere than in Canada and the United Kingdom 82,807 44

Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks 74,420 05

Loans on Call secured by Stocks and Debentures 483,991 93

Bills Discounted and Advances Current \$2,122,749 37

Bank Premises, Safes and Office Furniture 71,276 46

Other Assets not included under foregoing heads 2,392 83

\$2,428,956 13

Toronto, 30th April, 1907.

F. W. BROUGHAL, General Manager.

On moving the adoption of the Report, the President remarked to the Shareholders:—"Your Board of Directors have great pleasure in presenting you with their first Annual Report, which they feel satisfied you will receive with gratification. Owing to the high rates of money which have existed during the past year, the profits of the Bank have, we consider, been most encouraging. We are now well established in the Province of Ontario, having also an office in Montreal, and feel that we can look forward with confidence to the building up of a good business for the Bank, of which you are the proprietors."

"The members of the Board made a personal inspection of the cash and securities held by the Bank at the Toronto and Montreal offices on the last day of our fiscal year, and have verified to same in the books of the Bank."

The usual resolutions were moved and adopted. The scrutineers reported the following gentlemen duly elected to act as Directors for the ensuing year:—H. Wilberforce Atkins, B.A., M.D., M.R.C.S. (Eng.), Wm. Dineen, J. C. Eaton, W. K. George, Sidney Jones, Noel Marshall, G. T. Somers, C. W. Spencer, J. H. Tilden.

The meeting then adjourned. At a subsequent meeting of the newly-elected Directors Mr. G. T. Somers was re-elected President and Mr. W. K. George, Vice-President by an unanimous vote.

F. W. BROUGHAL, General Manager.

The Sterling Bank of Canada, Toronto, May 21, 1907.



## Imperial Bank of Canada

### DIVIDEND NO. 67

**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN**  
That a dividend at the rate of (11 per cent.) eleven per cent. per annum upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of this institution has been declared for the quarter ending 30th April, 1907, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after  
**Wednesday, the First of May Next**  
The Transfer Books will be closed from the 24th to the 28th April, both days inclusive.  
**The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders** will be held at the Head Office of the Bank on Wednesday, the 22nd of May, 1907, the chair to be taken at noon.  
By order of the Board.  
D. R. WILKIE,  
General Manager.

Toronto, Ont., 26th March, 1907.

**AGENTS WANTED**  
**Guardian Assurance Co.**  
**LIMITED**  
Funds: Thirty Million Dollars  
Apply Manager, Montreal



"I'm comfy—  
'cause I wear 'C.M.C.'  
Hose Supporters."

The old style fasteners, that  
tear stockings and scratch  
baby's fingers, are done away  
with—and in their place is a  
simple clasp that fastens firmly  
and cannot become detached.

**C. H. Westwood & Co.**  
LIMITED  
Manufacturers, - TORONTO  
For sale at all Dry Goods stores

**MINNIE H. BROWN**  
Teacher of High-Class Ceramics  
Studio - Room 3, above Petersen's  
Art Room,  
382 Yonge Street, - Toronto

## Wedding Cakes

from Webb's are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration.

They are shipped by express to all parts of Canada, safe arrival guaranteed.

Illustrated Catalogue Free

**The Harry Webb Co.**  
Limited  
447 Yonge St., Toronto

## Shur-On Eye-glasses

**ESTIMATE**  
Comfort and Elegance of appearance ensuring your perfect satisfaction. It's a pleasure to demonstrate it.  
**CULVERHOUSE OPTICAL CO.**  
M.4566. 6 Richmond St. East

**Shur-On Eye-glasses**

## A well fitted tailor-made suit

is my specialty.  
Ladies who desire to have what is best, both in workmanship and in fit, know that this can only be had in the tailor-made suit.

A suit made here is bound to please you. Visit my Ladies' Tailoring Rooms at  
280 College Street.

**S. H. FERGUSON**

# SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

"KING'S weather for the King's Plate" was the happy dictum of kindly fate on last Saturday, when the Woodbine lawn and grand stand, members' enclosure and boxes were crowded with a brilliant throng of men and women, enjoying the treat of a summery afternoon in this deplorably chilly month of May. The luncheon, at which Mr. President Seagram was host in chief and the Lieutenant-Governor and his lady guests of honor, the usual jolly party filled the tea-room, the long horseshoe table with smaller tables set in the hollow, being filled with guests, and Mr. Seagram proposing the King's health just before the party separated to look out for the first string of racers, as they filed out of the saddling enclosure. The country was still autumnal in bare trees and scarcely greened sod, and the lateness of spring vegetation was painfully evident. A dull haze lay on the lake, very different from the brilliant azure of other years, the air was a trifle heavy, but otherwise it was a charming opening day, and the thousands who attended the races went out in the spirit of enjoyment and full of sport. When the unforeseen climax of the great race sent the King's Plate out Brockton way there was a huge outburst of fun and merry congratulations. Kelvin, the winner, is an Hendrie-bred horse, which his present owner bought at a sale of thoroughbreds for less than half the stake he won so handily on Saturday. 'Tis not the guineas, but the glory which make the winner of the King's Plate king of the spring meeting, and now that a dark horse has broken the Seagram-Hendrie-Dymont spell, it gives great added interest to the matter. Mr. Woods is a west-ender of the third generation, and has in a small way done some good little buying of horseflesh: his present victory came soon and easy, and he is very justly elated over it in a hearty and unaffected way. To see him driving home, with his bride hugging the silver trophy, and both sowing smiles broadcast, was enough to make a blind man grin. The new betting arrangements, so English y'know, created a holy war of tongues and bewildered the old timers, and many a good dollar went begging for lack of time to place it. The Government House party were handsomely gowned. Mrs. Clark in grey with hat to match, a costume in which many think she looks her best; Miss Clark in pink taffeta with fine lace, and black picture hat, and Miss Elise in pale grey with hat touched with turquoise, each lady receiving the usual tribute of flowers, orchids, white sweet peas, pink roses and deep crimson roses forming the several bouquets, which were presented to the ladies as they entered the members' lawn. The Premier and Mrs. Whitney and their daughters, Mrs. Thompson and Miss Norah Whitney occupied their box. Mr. and Mrs. George Hees had a smart family party, including their daughter, Mrs. Haas, and their son, Mr. Will Hees' family of New York. Mrs. Hees wore an exquisite gown of embroidered Japanese crepe, which her husband brought her on his return from the Orient recently. It is one of the loveliest seen in Toronto for ages. Another gown talking of foreign parts was Mrs. Cecil Gibson's dull green velvet with white lace, with a plumed chapeau and white sunshade. Mrs. Kerr of Rathnelly in white with a huge posy of pink sweet peas, and her three pretty daughters, graced a prominent box, Miss Nadine looking a dream of prettiness in pink with rosebuds. Mrs. Melvin-Jones was in black and white, and had been one of the gay party at luncheon, as had also Mrs. Kerr. The bride of early spring, Mrs. Dwight Turner, was in white silk touched with pale blue, and a dainty Napoleon hat with pale blue feathers. Mrs. Tom Clark wore white, and Miss Mary wore bisque Rajah silk touched with brown, hat to match with yellow flowers. Lady Mulock wore a handsome black gown with a touch of green in her hat. Mrs. Mulock was in white, with pink roses in her chapeau. Mrs. Cawthra Mulock wore pale blue and blue plumed hat. Miss Falconbridge was in a brown costume and hat. Mrs. Jack Ryan, whose race frocks always catch the eye, wore a very striking gown in iris shades of green and purple and a pretty hat. Mrs. Willie Gwynne brought her daughter, Miss Norah, the mother was in light green with lace and the daughter in yellow. Other girls enjoying their first race meet since their coming out were Miss Frou LeMessurier, Miss Fel-lowes, Miss Flo Bell, Miss Meta Cross, Miss Muriel Boehme, Miss Phyllis Kingsmill, Miss Grasset, and Miss Evelyn Kerr. Mrs. Case in palest grey, and the bride-elect in white, were a very attractive mother and daughter. Mrs. Warrington and Mrs. Parkyn Murray were very smartly gowned and looked exceedingly well. Mrs. W. D. Matthews and Miss Ina were another mother and daughter smartly and becomingly gowned, the former in brown and white and the latter in pale grey with a blue hat. Mrs. and Miss Gooderham of Deancroft also looked very well indeed. Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Hemming, Mrs. Septimus Denison were fair representatives of the *clique militaire*, their husbands being also on the lawn. Mr. Justice and Mrs. Riddell, the lady in that very lovely white and pale blue gown which earned so many admiring glances at the horse show, with a pale blue hat and plumes. Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, the lady in white with a brown and orange chapeau; Mrs. John Cawthra in a handsome velvet gown, and Miss Cawthra of Yealton Hall and Miss Codrington, very smartly gowned; the Misses Melfort Boulton, three pretty sisters, each having her own distinct type and charm; the Misses Gladys and Yvonne Nordheimer, Mr. Bertram and Miss Maude Denison, Miss Cecil Nordheimer, Mr. Cambie, Miss Gladys Murton of Oshawa, in mauve batiste and white plumed hat, always a pretty and admired girl; Mrs. Stephen Haas, in cream lace and hat with Beauty roses and her guest, Mrs. Shearer of New York, Mrs. Will Hees in mauve, looking very handsome; Mr. and Mrs. George Cook of Montreal, without whom no race meet is complete, the lady very smart in mauve cloth and very pretty mauve chapeau; Judge and Mrs. Anglin, Colonel and Miss Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. J. Gordon Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Smith and Miss Thompson, the Attorney-General and the Misses Foy, Hon. Adam Beck, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Mrs. Arkell, Miss Maud Givins, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Thompson, the Misses Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie and Miss Ritchie, Mr. Arthur Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Seagram, Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Lee, Mr. Kilgour, Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Mann, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hills, Major and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Small, Mr. and Mrs. Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. Boswell, Mr. and Mrs. Wilnote Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. James Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Britton Francis, Mrs. and Miss Crosson of Cobourg, Colonel Greville-Harston, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Burritt, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard MacMurray, Mr. and Mrs. Pepler, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander of Meadowbank, Miss Rowand and Miss Dora Rowand, Mr. and Mrs. VanKoughnet, Mr. and Mrs. Willison, Dr. and Mrs. Thistle, Mr. and the Misses Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Laycock, Miss Beardmore, Dr. and Mrs. A. A. Macdonald,

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Reeves, Mrs. Charles Selwyn, Mr. and Mrs. Laycock, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Arnoldi, Mr. Louis Gibson, were a few of those on the members' lawn on opening day.

Colonel and Mrs. Greville-Harston have let their house in Willcocks street and taken an apartment at the Arlington.

Invitations are out to the marriage of Captain Charles Van Straubenzie and Miss Essy Case, which takes place on June 5 in St. Thomas' church, at 3 o'clock. Six maids and a maid of honor will attend the bride, and a reception after the wedding will be held at the home of her parents, 12 Spadina road.

A most interesting and unique event took place on Thursday afternoon, May 16, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Lee, Yorkville ave., when the hostess and her five sisters, Mrs. Houlahan of Seattle, Mrs. Bull, Mrs. Steele and Miss Nixon of Winnipeg, with Mrs. Dr. Harrison of Keene, daughters of the late Thomas Nixon of Toronto and Winnipeg, received their numerous friends, both old and new. All afternoon the drawing and tea-room, its table centred with a huge bunch of red roses, and daintily spread with confections both tasty and tasteful, were thronged with comers and goers, all eager for the sake of "auld lang syne" to meet and renew acquaintanceship with this sextette of sisters, who at one time were residents of the Queen City.

Mr. and Mrs. Playfair of Isabella street, who have been in Scotland and England for the past two months, returned home last week.

Mrs. Dugald MacMurchy has gone to Edmonton to visit her sister, Mrs. Herbert Wilson, for the summer.

Mrs. G. P. Magann and Miss Langmuir are expected home from Europe early next month. Mrs. Magann has derived great benefit from her trip abroad.

Miss Dickenson of Ottawa is to spend some time with Mrs. Clark of Tranby avenue.

Mr. T. H. Lee has bought Mr. Sydney Lee's pretty home in Roxboro street, and Mr. Lee and his daughters have sailed for Switzerland, where the young ladies will finish their education in French and music.

Mrs. George Lillie is visiting friends in town, and Mrs. Dalton of Isabella street gave a tea for her on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Lee are nicely settled in a cosy home in Uxbridge.

Miss Ina Pringle went up on Tuesday to attend the graduation exercises of Victoria Hospital, London, of which she is one of last year's graduates.

There has been quite an exodus from town this week, several European trips having been begun, and some of the Islanders moving over to summer quarters. However, there will be no great rush until after the races, which are proving most enjoyable and exciting.

His Honor and his family will not go abroad this summer, but will probably take a vacation at midsummer on the Atlantic coast. Government House was very much *en fete* last night for the "Birthday Dinner," as the Victoria Day feast is called, and with a double significance, as His Honor claims May 24 as his own natal day. Many good wishes are "to him" this year, and congratulations too numerous to mention.

Miss Gwendolyn Clemow arrived by the Victorian from England last week, quite in ignorance of the catastrophe which had upset her family circle. She was informed of her sister's death on arriving at Montreal and came on to Toronto to join her mother and sister. Miss Clemow was accompanied to Canada by a very charming and beautiful friend she had made in England, whose anticipated good time was very suddenly cut short, and changed into sad sympathy for her intended hosts. She remained at the Windsor in Montreal, and I have not heard yet of her further plans.

The Garrison church parade, which was after all a May event, coming off last Sunday, was a noble turnout of our citizen soldiers and the smart contingent of regulars from Stanley Barracks. Rev. Mr. Cayley preached to the men at Massey Hall, and His Honor received the salute, *en voiture*, at the intersection of King and Simcoe streets, on the homeward march of the battalions. Mrs. Mortimer Clark was in the carriage with His Honor, with Major Macdonald in attendance. The men swung round the corner in grand style, and the two new Lieutenant-colonels of the Queen's Own were very smart and dignified. Owing to the illness of Colonel Stimson, Major Gooderham of Deancroft led the Royal Grenadiers, and very fine and handsome he looked at their head. A lovely day gave the citizens a chance to turn out by thousands and line the route with the usual happy throng of men and women, boys and girls, small dogs and baby carriages. Last, but by no means least of the city corps, were the Highlanders, magnificent in all their showy trappings and neatly shod and spatted, with their giant drum major, stately bandmaster, and officers built on generous lines. Visitors from the other side who gamely keep their enthusiasm cooked up for the passing of the rifles and the red-coats, always succumb when the kilts swing into line. Never have the whole lot looked fitter than last Sunday.

Despite the chilly afternoon there was a large crowd of interested folk at St. Andrew's College and at Upper Canada College on Friday last, when sports and prize giving were on for both academies. Mrs. Mortimer Clark at St. Andrew's, and Mrs. Denison of Heydon Villa at Upper Canada, graciously presented the prizes. An additional interest at St. Andrew's was afforded by the tree-planting, which was the honorable task of Mr. Goldwin Smith, and was accompanied by the few choice remarks he always makes so opportunely in such cases. St. Andrew's College is fortunate in many ways, and not least in having at its head such a judicious and devoted pair as Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald and his pretty young wife, who was a Miss Parfitt of London. Mrs. Macdonald entertained at tea after the exercises in her delightfully artistic living-room. Mrs. Auden gave her usual pleasant tea at Upper Canada in the Principal's quarters.

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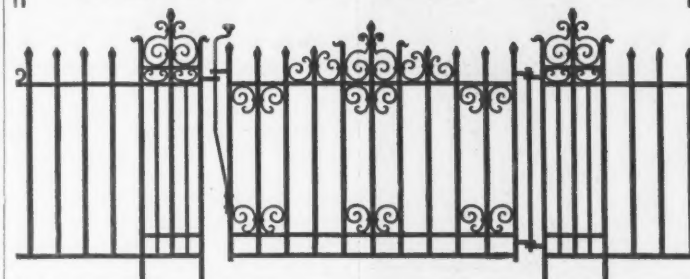
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LXVII.



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### Social and Personal.

HIS Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor, has kindly consented to patronize the opening performance of "The Importance of Being Earnest," which is being produced by the Toronto Press Club at the Princess Theatre on Friday and Saturday next. The Government House party will occupy one of the boxes on that occasion, as also will the Hon. J. P. Whitney and His Worship Mayor Coatsworth. The Press Club theatrical productions of the past have been of such excellence as to warrant a very large attendance on this occasion, and prospects are bright for one of the most successful affairs of this nature that Toronto has even seen.

The passing of George T. Marks, of Port Arthur, caused sadness in many a friendly circle this week. Mr. Marks succumbed to a serious but short illness at the General Hospital on Tuesday. His wife and family are at the Queen's. Handsome, public-spirited, enthusiastic, the prince of good fellows, with the broadness of the west, and the kindness of all good regions, Mr. Marks was always a conspicuous and genial figure at the race meets at the Woodbine, and everyone who knew him enjoyed his breezy companionship. He was a big man of big ideas and enthusiasms, devoted to his family and loyal to his comrades, and his many warm friends are mournfully recalling his excellent qualities of person, heart and head. The sympathy which naturally flows to his widow and family is deep and sincere.

Major Charles Selwyn has been appointed D.A.A.G. to the northern command of the British forces in India.

The departure of Major Arthur Murray Jarvis from Moosomin, Sask., for his strenuous trip to relieve Inspector Donald McLean Howard at Herschel Island, Hudson Bay, was signalized by a very large and enthusiastic gathering of the townsfolk at a smoker, in the opera house, when an address was presented to Major Jarvis, and the Mayor of Moosomin made a speech, in which compliments were numerous and after which applause was hearty. Major Jarvis will have Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton with him on his journey to the far north. They started on the 10th, and may all good luck attend them. Fifteen mounted policemen form the relief force, of which Major Jarvis is in command.

Mrs. C. Egerton Ryerson's by-by tea for Miss Shiela Macdougall was a very charming affair, and the hospitable home of the hostess was crowded with a smart company of young folks, looking pretty in the new spring frocks, and a sprinkling of the sterner sex, with the bridegroom-elect facile princeps for looks and gaiety. Mr. Case is a very fine-looking fellow, and, unwilling as all are to say good-bye to his pretty bride, they were very cordial in their opinion of her good taste. Miss Ryerson, Miss Joyce Macdougall and one or two others waited on the men and maidens, and the tea-table was very prettily decorated with pink sweet peas. It was one of the jolliest teas of the spring.

Mrs. Charles Mitchell, with her little son, has gone to Beaverton to spend some time with Mrs. Gunn, her younger sister.

Mrs. Henry Cawthra and her party will leave for England on the Arabic, sailing from Boston on June 3.

At Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa, on Tuesday, the 14th, Mr. John Aston, manager of the Union Bank of Canada, Cryslar, and eldest son of the late Rev. Edward Aston of Merrickville, was married to Miss Eugenie Raines, only daughter of George Raines of Wakefield, England. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. H. Stiles, rector of St. John's church, Smith's Falls. Mr. W. Beecher Aston was best man. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Sidney Raines. She wore a dainty dress of white silk, with a picture hat. The bridegroom's sister, Miss Daisy Aston, was bridesmaid, in white with touches of pale green. Mr. and Mrs. Aston received only their nearest relations and friends in the drawing-room of the Grand Union hotel, after which the party returned to their home in Cryslar.

Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn was easily the most distinguished looking woman present at the Duke of Sutherland's reception to the colonial Premiers at Stafford House.

Trinity Methodist church, Bloor street, was the scene of a very pretty wedding at half-past two o'clock on Saturday last, the 18th inst., when the marriage was solemnized of Miss Ethel Lilian Powell, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Powell, to Mr. Owen Arthur Smily, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Smily. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. W. S. Griffin, assisted by the Rev.

W. F. Wilson, pastor, in the presence of a large number of friends and relatives. The church was profusely decorated with palms. Mr. Peter Kennedy, who presided at the organ, played the Wedding March, and during the signing of the register Mr. Arthur Blight sang Burleigh's "O Perfect Love." The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a wedding gown of white satin veiled with Parisian lace and chiffon, made semi-empire and finished with a high girdle and streamers of satin ribbon. Her tulle veil was caught by a tiara of orange blossoms, and she carried a bouquet of white roses and wore a triple diamond ring and a hoop of pearls, the gift of the groom. Miss Pearl Powell and Miss Ruby M. Powell, sisters of the bride, attended as bridesmaids, wearing soft pink mervilleux silk inserted with beautiful old lace, pink picture hats with plumes. They carried pink roses, which, with dove-shaped pins encrusted with pearls, were the gifts of the groom. Mr. Edwin Smily was best man, and the ushers Dr. Harold Clarkson, Mr. Powell, Hamilton, Mr. L. Lugsdin, and Mr. Gilbert Cassels Mackenzie. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents on Howland avenue, where congratulations were showered upon the happy couple, the rooms being decorated with flowers and palms and a white dove hung over the bride and groom. After cutting the cake Mrs. Smily slipped away to change her wedding gown for a very smart travelling suit of royal blue cloth, white satin blouse, tan and blue hat, and tan shoes and gloves. After tossing her bouquet to her girl friends, Mr. and Mrs. Owen Smily drove off in a shower of rice and confetti to catch the 5.20 train for New York and Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Richardson of New York were very welcome visitors to the races this week. I hear that Mr. Richardson has bought a place in London, Ontario, his boyhood home, and will spend the summer there. On opening day Mrs. Richardson was much admired.

Mr. and Mrs. Greene have sold their house in Spadina road, and have gone to Muskoka. Mr. and Mrs. Morden will also be in Muskoka for part of the summer.

The marriage of Miss Zibbie Laurie, daughter of Mrs. John Laurie, formerly of 990 Dorchester street, Montreal, who has been living in Toronto for the past year, and Captain Andrew Ogilvie will take place on June 12 in Toronto. Miss Laurie is an exceedingly attractive and charming girl.

Much sympathy is expressed for Mrs. Edward Fisher in the loss of her father, whose death occurred in Boston last week. Dr. and Mrs. Fisher went down to Boston on receipt of the sad news.

The marriage of Miss Bertha Murray, daughter of Mrs. W. T. Murray, and Commander Spain was celebrated in New York on May 4, on the arrival of the Murray family party from a town in Southern Europe. Commander and Mrs. Spain will reside in Ottawa.

Mrs. W. T. Murray and Mr. and Mrs. Parkyn Murray and Miss Murray returned to town last week. Mrs. Murray was quite ill on her return, but is now happily much better.

Mrs. H. S. Mara went to New York on Tuesday to meet her daughter, Mrs. Weilmeyer, who had come out from Germany on a visit to her parents. The new home in Rosedale is in every way a charming place to entertain the welcome guest, who, as Mary Mara, had so many warm friends here.

Mrs. James Roaf is visiting her sister, Mrs. George Massey, in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Ridout have returned from New York. Mrs. Carter Troupe is in town, and looked charming at the races on King's Plate day.

On Tuesday, the eve of her bridal day, Miss Shiela Macdougall was the guest of honor at a tea given by Mrs. C. Egerton Ryerson.

Toronto friends are sending good wishes to Miss Rachael Gwynn, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Gwynn of Dundas, whose engagement to Canon Abbott of Christ Church Cathedral, Hamilton, was recently announced. Miss Gwynn is greatly esteemed and admired in Toronto.

The marriage of Miss Beatrice Alice Foster, second daughter of Mrs. J. G. Foster, Bloor street west, and Mr. Frederick Percival Williams will take place next Saturday, June 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fauquier were in town for the races. Mrs. Fauquier (Ethel White of Ottawa) was looking very well and handsome.

Miss Grace McTavish came up with her father from Colborne, and is visiting Mrs. Bruce Riordan.

The Misses Rowan of Winnipeg left for England on Thursday of last week. Mr. George Marks is quite ill at the General Hospital.

Miss Belle McLeod of Crescent road is visiting her sister, Mrs. Whipple, in the States.

The marriage of Miss Shiela Macdougall, second daughter of the late Judge Macdougall, and Mr. Henry Jay Case of New York, took place in St. Paul's church on Wednesday, at a quarter to four o'clock, Rev. Canon Cody officiating. The bride, who was brought in and given away by her brother, Mr. Douglas Macdougall, wore a trim little travelling costume of brown check tweed, with a cream hat, trimmed with brown wings and ribbons, in which she looked very graceful and attractive. The bridal bouquet was of lily of the valley. Her matron of honor was an intimate friend, Mrs. Adam (formerly Rolph), who was a picture in a dainty Paris gown of brown voile, a new shade, and hat to match, with shaded brown roses. Her bouquet was of Mareschal Neil roses. Mrs. Macdougall, mother of the bride, wore a handsome black gown over white, and a smart white hat with plumes and velvet. Mrs. Douglas Macdougall wore blue with green. The relatives of the bride and a very few intimate friends were at the ceremony, and a great many others filled the church. There was no reception, and Mr. and Mrs. Case left by the train for their honeymoon, after which they will reside in New York. A large number of beautiful presents were sent to the bride.

Mrs. Innis Fleming, Markham, announces the engagement of her daughter, Christine, to Mr. Horace T. Hunter, Toronto. The marriage will take place early in June.

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June 28th, Friday.....EMPRESS OF BRITAIN  
July 6th, Saturday.....LAKE CHAMPLAIN  
July 12th, Friday.....EMPRESS OF IRELAND

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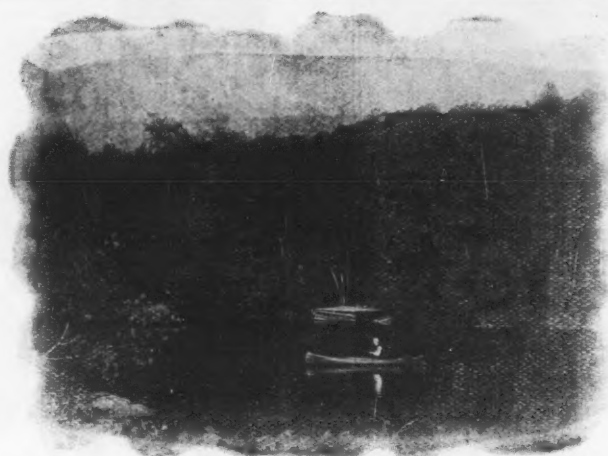


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# THE FISHING GROUNDS OF NEW BRUNSWICK

BY CANUCK



AS was stated in the "Sporting Comment" columns of this paper was recently, New Brunswick is worthy of notice as a tourist, hunting and fishing territory. At this season of the year hunting does not stand so prominently before the sportsmen's eyes as does the subject of fishing. But for fishing, too, we find in this "Forest Province" that which is assuredly worth experiencing. There are salmon and trout waters galore; many are leased by Americans and by local residents, but there are many others free to the outside fisherman that contain the very best of fish.

Perhaps that territory known as the "North Shore," lying between the Restigouche river and the Baie de Chaleur, contains the best fishing waters. It is essentially a salmon and trout fishing district, and contains nearly all the great rivers and lakes of the province, as well as numberless smaller ponds and trout streams.

The Nipisiguit river, though nearly 100 miles in length, has only about 20 miles of salmon fishing, or, in other words, the salmon do not ascend above the Grand Falls of the Nipisiguit, which is about 20 miles above the head of the tide. Nevertheless this river holds a particular value to salmon fishermen, inasmuch as practically the entire length of 20 miles may be utilized when the water is in good condition. Salmon fishermen, who have been accustomed to fishing waters like the Restigouche and Matapedia, where the water is comparatively "lead" here find themselves in altogether new conditions where the rapid water gives the fish every advantage, and while it is perhaps true that the salmon here weigh, on an average, less than those of the Restigouche and other rivers, the result of a beginner's attack is usually disastrous to his tackle.

The writer remembers seeing seven rods broken in one morning by a party fishing the rough waters' division during heavy water. It need not be said, therefore, that this element adds zest to the sport, so that the river has become a favorite with experienced salmon anglers.

The principal camps are situated at the "Rough Waters," where Messrs. Osler of Toronto have a fine lodge, "Pabineau Falls," "Chain of Rocks," and "Grand Falls," all these lodge camps are built tastily and on beautiful sites and provide most comfortable living quarters. Fishing begins at the "Rough Waters" and the "Pabineau Falls" divisions about the 10th June, though sometimes earlier, and as the fish ascend, the upper stations become available, July 1 seeing fishing good to the head of the Grand Falls.

Then above the Grand Falls, the river provides some splendid trout fishing, in fact some of the best to be had in the whole Dominion. This section is leased by the Government, and many anglers who prefer this class of fishing avail themselves of the opportunity, but a small fee being required. The entire river affords the most picturesque scenery, particularly at those points near the lakes and among the mountains at the head of the river.

A SECOND glance at the map of the province shows that the great Miramichi, with its various tributaries, forms a network of waterways throughout the central portion of the province, like arteries. The great river itself may be said to have two sources, the northwest and the southwest branches—each an independent stream till they meet and form one grand river in the main Miramichi, uniting near Beauport's Island, which is situated a short distance above the town of Newcastle.

The coast fisheries of Miramichi

Bay, and the many inlets near the great river's outlet, are one of the most valuable assets of the whole province; the lumber industry of the Miramichi is, perhaps, the most valuable asset, as much as 100,000,000 feet of sawn lumber being shipped from the many mills every season, while the wealth of agricultural interests can only be estimated.

Speaking from the standpoint of the tourist, the angler or the sportsman generally, the Miramichi country has attractions second to none in Canada. The main river and its tributaries being free from all obstructions in the shape of dams, salmon ascend all of them. But particular mention might be made of the Northwest, Southwest, Sevogle, Little Southwest, Bartholomew and Renous arms, where the very best of sport may be had during the season. Sea trout are also very plentiful in these streams and good fishing may be had in their season. Some of the waters are under lease, but others equally good are not. Here too are the famous Ox Bow pools, which may be reached from Newcastle by boat to Red Bank, but three miles distant from them.

There are hundreds of lakes in the interior of the Miramichi district, many of which have never had a fly cast on them by an angler, and it may be further remarked that every one of these lakes abound with splendid trout. This entire district is best reached from Newcastle or Chatham.

THEN we see the famous old Restigouche that great "five-fingered" river of the Micmacs with its immense tributaries, the Matapedia, the Upsalquitch and the Patapedia. This series of fishing waters is renowned all over the world; stories innumerable have been written dealing with it. Royalty has visited it, and at almost any time during the open season, one may meet at the clubhouse at Matapedia a group of gentlemen controlling a capital as large as that of any other equally numbered party one could encounter.

For years the salmon fishing of the Restigouche and its connections have been well preserved, the governments of both New Brunswick and of Quebec being interested, and the owners of the angling privileges themselves providing the most adequate protection possible. There is, too, one of the best government salmon hatcheries in America situated here.

On the whole main river and its arms there is nothing to prevent the salmon ascending to their spawning beds, and they do ascend to the very heads of the waters. Hunters and others, who have been far up the rivers in the late autumn, have found salmon spawning in gravelly beds so far up that they have wondered how they ever reached there.

Many of the best pools on the main stream and on the Matapedia are leased or owned by the famous Restigouche Salmon Club, comprised of millionaire New Yorkers, but there is good salmon fishing, and plenty of trout waters owned and controlled by local gentlemen, who have proved themselves to be very generous to friends and acquaintances in the matter of fishing; then too, of course, there are hundreds of smaller streams, brooks and lakes which offer free and splendid trout fishing.

IN this "North Shore" country, in addition to the above mentioned large rivers, we find several medium sized rivers also containing good salmon waters. The Jacques river, which enters the Baie de Chaleur between the towns of Dalhousie and Bathurst, is a fine little salmon stream, and as it is generally held under lease by local parties, fishing is often obtainable. Both salmon and trout are also taken in

the Charlo, another stream in the same district.

There are several other streams and rivers in this district, but I think those referred to in the above provide the best angling waters pretty widely. To prophesy that fish will be caught in any particular spot on a given day is like forecasting the weather—one cannot always predict with accuracy because there are some days when the fish will not bite. New Brunswick salmon and trout, like fish all over the continent, have their off-days, perhaps owing to the weather, a surplus of food supply; or from some strange vagary of fish nature, inexplicable. But with known facts and conditions to guide him, to a certain extent, one may be able to tell where the fish abound and where they are to be had, if anywhere.

New Brunswick most certainly contains an immense series of waterways containing some of the most exciting and satisfying fishing in America, and the rivers and lakes lying throughout the North Shore and detailed briefly in this article constitute the cream of the whole province. Big game hunting in September in the same territory is also of the best. The season opens now for lake and speckled trout and also for the mighty salmon, whose fight is only equalled by the ouananiche; these two mighty fish provide the acme for genuine thrill and excitement and are well worth the trouble and expense of going after.

### A Golfing Alphabet.

A is the Alphabet; now let us try its lessons to golfing's sweet charms to apply.

B is the brassie, the bogie, the ball, The bunker, where grief often comes to us all.

C is the caddie, who's oft disinclined To look for the ball, which yourself you must find.

D is the driver, and if I but knew Its secrets, I'd gladly reveal them to you.

E is the elegant, exquisite ease Which your partner displays when he comes to the tees

F is the fizzle, the foursome, the fore;

The latter announced by a fear-striking roar.

G is the guttie, discarded and dead, So we'll take, if you please, its successor instead.

H is the handicap, as we progress We are proud to behold it grow happily less.

I is the iron, and J is the jigger, And K is the "Kite," with two shillings the figure.

L is the lie, and it need not be stated How often a good one is necessitated.

M is the mashie, and also the match And likewise the medal, we all want to catch.

N is the niblick, in trouble a friend, O the opponent, one up at the end.

P is the putter, most useful, the fact is,

For giving on drawing-room carpets some practice.

Q is the question, which worries the soul.

Why on earth it's so hard to get into the hole?

R is the rubber-core, ancient device, Though with certain advantage as to the price.

S is the stymie, and also the stroke, And likewise subscriptions; but they are a joke.

T is the tee where the amateurs stand With their noses just peeping o'er hillocks of sand.

U, V, W, X, Y and Z Are useful to mutter in passions instead.

Of the sorry expressions which sometimes distress me;

Such as "Oh, good gracious!" "Confound it!" or "Bless me!"

—Liverpool Post.

Mother (returning suddenly)—Gracious children! what have you been doing? Why, the room looks like a hurricane had struck it and Willie looks like he had been through a threshing machine!

Tommy—Please, mamma, we have been playing Russian Douma, and Willie was the Czar.—Chicago News.

"You must have been dreaming of some one proposing to you last night, Laura."

"How is that?"

"Why, I heard you for a whole quarter of an hour crying out 'yes!'"

—Fiegender Blaetter.

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ON May 20 the Longboat educational fund reached a grand total of \$180.25, and The Globe, which had generously opened its columns for subscriptions, gave up in disgust. The apathy displayed by the citizens in this matter has been the subject of more or less ironical comment all over Canada, and the prominence given by the press to the details of the Longboat procession and subsequent proceedings, has sufficed to place before the whole country in glaring contrast Toronto's notorious hysteria over a new toy, and her chilling indifference when it came down to a matter of dollars and cents.

Viewed in the light of subsequent events, the reception to Longboat was a mockery, and a cruel one. The fiery trail of the last sky-rocket, and the sound of the final hurrah, were just as tangible and lasting as this outburst of enthusiasm, and the conclusion is unavoidable that a circus parade or a two-headed calf would have created just as much excitement. Here we have an Indian with no other assets than a pair of sinewy legs. With these same legs he has brought fame to his native land and his adopted city, and as a reward is presented with a medal. It is hardly conceivable that this will be of much use to him in earning his bread in after years. It conjures up a mental picture of Longboat applying for a situation, and the dialogue would probably run on these lines (a la French phrase-book):

Employer: "Have you the education and training to fit you for a position in my office?"

Longboat: "No sir, but I have a bronze Mercury and a medal."

Lovely prospect, isn't it, after all the fireworks and other hip-hurrah business?

THE new system of betting made imperative by the courts, is receiving its first Canadian try-out at the Woodbine, and though it has not been received with enthusiasm, there has not been much outcry against it either. The public are going to put their money up on their favorites if they have to climb a tree to do it, and after all, if you win, a little inconvenience doesn't matter. If you lose, your irritation will not be in excess of what it was under the old system.

The law has been satisfied, and that is the principal thing. The legal significance of the difference between a stationary and movable bookie does not impress the lay mind overmuch, but several of the fixed stars in the legal firmament have declared in effect, that a bookie who has a fixed habitation and is content to stand on his own feet, is courting dire penalties, while the one who prowls over your pedal extremities in the course of business is quite within the law as finally read and explained for the masses.

The only feature that remains true to life is the short odds that the bookies keep in reserve for their Toronto trip. It doesn't seem to require more than a couple of \$10 orders to pull a 30 to 1 shot down to second choice prices, and the man who is looking for something attractive is apt to be disappointed if he does not back his convictions early.

THE Toronto Lawn Tennis Association has drawn up its schedule for the season with a total of 17 teams entered, five senior and twelve intermediate.

It appears that this game is beginning to be appreciated as it should be in this city. At one time there was an impression that it was a "sissy" pastime, and not to be considered by the youth of athletic mould, but this, like other errors, has had its day. Any man who has had experience in different branches of sport, will acknowledge that it takes as much endurance and perhaps a little more head work to stay a three-set match with a good player than to go through a game of football. And Sandow, whom popular imagination credits with heavyweight performances only, has declared that tennis is the exercise par excellence for the man of active temperament, so some of these mistaken critics of the game may sit up and take notice.

The game in this city has suffered all along from the difficulty in securing suitable grounds at a fair rental, but it appears to have struck its gait at last, and if the present season's schedule is any criterion, there is going to be a genuine revival all round.

## SPORTING COMMENT



Winner of the King's Plate  
Mr. T. Ambrose Woods of Toronto, winner of the King's Plate at the Woodbine on Saturday last, (with the plate in his left hand) receiving congratulations on the victory of his horse Kelvin. With this victory went the glory of winning the most coveted race of the year, the plate shown in the picture, and a purse of \$5,000 in cash.

SOME interesting figures have been compiled concerning fox hunting in Great Britain. There are about 170 packs of fox hounds in England and Wales, with about 6,000 couples. The expenses of hunting a pack three times a week throughout the season amounts to something like \$15,000 a year, so that the total expenditures for the whole country is about \$2,500,000. The Irish and Scotch packs are not included in the above figures; there are 26 packs in Ireland and 11 in Scotland, with 1,100 and 390 couples of hounds respectively. It is estimated that there are 200,000 hunters kept by sportsmen in England, representing, at the lowest valuation of \$300 a horse, a total of \$60,000,000, while their maintenance cost the owners probably more than \$40,000,000 a year. These are pretty big figures for one line of sport, although the reader will do well to remember that such estimates as these are not always reliable.

A GOOD golf story comes from the new Mississauga links on the Credit river, west of Toronto. Mr. Horace Wallis, private secretary to Premier Whitney, was playing with Mr. John DeGruchy, over the nine hole course, and when they came to the tricky Punch Bowl, the latter player got into trouble. His ball fell short and came tumbling back down the steep hill and got so badly into the rough that the player finally picked it up and gave up the hole. When they arrived at the same place on the second round Mr. DeGruchy had the honor and played first. Again he failed to give the stroke enough distance, but the ball after hesitating for a time was left hanging perilously on the verge, as if half inclined to again roll back down into the rough. Then Mr. Wallis played. His stroke had plenty of distance but was not altogether well placed, for it struck a tree and bounded to the edge of the hill where it struck Mr. DeGruchy's ball, sent it rolling down the hill, itself lodging neatly on the crest where the other had been a moment before. How can a man play against such luck as that? Would that accident be called a rub on the green? In match play would the victim be entitled to replace his ball where it lay before his opponent's ball hit it, or would he have to go into the ravine and chop it out with his niblick?

DURING the past three or four years the Canadian railways have made a great improvement in the illustrated booklets they issue for the purpose of advertising the fishing and hunting regions through which their lines run. "Fishing and Shooting" is the title of the latest booklet issued by the C. P. R. and it will prove of great value and interest to those who are planning a summer vacation. Any reader of this paper can get a copy of this new booklet by sending four cents in stamps to Advertising Department C. P. R., Montreal, mentioning the fact that notice of the booklet was seen in these columns.

### Two Accounts of the Same Golf Game.

WHEN I met McPherson in the locker room it was evident that he had won his match with Ferguson.

"Well sir!" he exclaimed, "I was playing the game to-day all right. I was three up on Fergy and," confidentially, "I might have been more. He plays a pretty stiff game, too, I can tell you. But I had my eye in to-day. You know that third hole—I put my second fair on the green, nearly made a three, ball lay right on the lip of the cup. Tapped it in for a four. Same thing on the next hole. Got a three on the eighth and made a five on the tenth—one under bogey. But what tickled me most was a perfect five on the hill-top. Just to show you the game I was putting up, I guess I must have gone round under 90, and considering the state of the greens that's going some. You know, I've been a little off in my putting lately, but to-day I was holding 'em in something like my old style. It is a comfort when you reach the green to feel that you stand some chance of either holing the ball or lying right on the lip of the cup."

II.

FERGUSON was sitting on the verandah in the dusk of the evening listlessly watching two duffers making those wonderful putts on the home green that are possible only when a man is practising.

"Yes, I lost to-day," he said. "I suppose McPherson has an idea that he beat me to-day, but I beat myself. Why there wasn't a club in my toolkit that I could get to do a single thing I wanted done. I topped with my driver and brassie, sliced with my mid-iron and cut clean under the ball with my mashie. It was simply tragic the way I played—it was pitiful. Why, man, I took seven on that second hole where I usually get a three. Don't talk about it; let us talk about something else. I play a steady game as a rule, but I've not been feeling very well lately—in fact I need a rest. I've been sticking too close to business. That chap I was playing has the blindest way of taking credit to himself for a streak of luck! Why on the tenth hole he ran down a gobbie with his mashie from forty yards away and then had the nerve to show me the club and ask me to admire it—as if the thing had not been a pure fluke! He holed another on the hill-top from about a mile away and didn't even smile. If he had smiled I could have forgiven him."

"About what did you make the round in?" I asked.

"Me! I didn't keep a card but I fancy I took a stroke a hole more than usual, about 108 and he must have been three or four strokes better. Pretty bad going—couldn't call it golf at all."

Which only goes to show that two men can go around a golf course together and retain altogether different impressions of all that occurred.

LOFTER.

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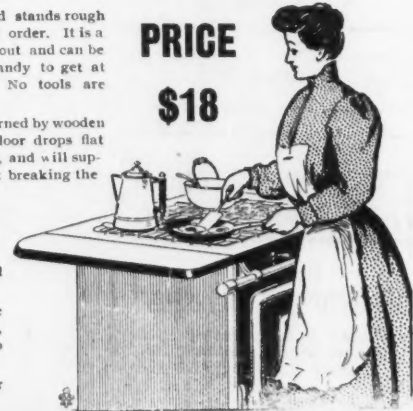
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## IN COLLISION: TWO OF A KIND

By James Edmund Dunning

RANKYN felt much more like a convict en route to prison than a bridegroom-elect when he climbed into the Pullman that morning. The train was comfortably fast, and the weather was cool. It wasn't the journey of a hundred miles, but—what was to happen when he got there? Being engaged to marry a moneyed maid had had its advantages. Being married to her began to look serious as the hour approached. It was all so different from what he had really wanted. He could not square it with any of his ideals, and the journey was like going to a funeral instead of a wedding.

Rankyn loved life, books, pictures, animals, sunsets, children—everything in Nature or born of Nature. He used to plan of living in the country the year around—when he "settled," but, when he began to make headway in society, his expenses demanded a lucky marriage, and at once. Hence he had rather rushed things with Miss Willson, the brewer's daughter; and this was his wedding-day. Personally, she was a hot-house product, but her several millions were genuine.

Rankyn looked out over the fields, and comforted himself with the thought that he could go tramping alone. That wasn't so bad when one had no finances to worry one. He wondered if she would make him an allowance! Perhaps he might even write a book, or try Arctic exploration in his new-bought leisure.

These reassurances were interrupted by the arrival in front of him of a most effective gray hat, with three black velvet ribbons, on a head of quite inviting brown. Rankyn's experienced eyes sought the usual signs, and found they told him his forward neighbor was an amazingly pretty girl. Underneath the brown head was the top of a long black coat, the collar of which, lined with a band of cerise, shone brilliantly against a patch of silken olive skin. When a sudden lurch of the car involved readjustment of the gray hat, Rankyn's fugitive observations were precipitated into fact by the sight of a rather good-looking hand.

"A woman travelling in new gloves!" he thought, wonderingly. "It's the world's record! Maybe, though, she had mislaid her old ones." Long efforts at perfection in detail had made Rankyn expert.

Even the coroner's jury has never fully explained the wreck, but it was a big one. Two fast trains tried to pass on a single track. Twenty seconds later, Rankyn recovered consciousness in the ruins of the parlor-car, and found his interest in the piteous spectacle around the frailest day-coaches diluted by a more immediate demand. His neighbor lay exactly at his feet, the gray hat very much awry. She opened her eyes, and looked up at him. His guess on her good looks was completely justified.

"Are you hurt?" he asked. "I don't quite know," she replied, with ineffable self-possession. "Are you?"

"Neither do I," said Rankyn, really not caring much.

They stared at each other a few seconds in the way people do in their first collision. Then she smiled briefly, and said:—

"Well—"

"Of course!" cried Rankyn, coming out of his stupor, "I beg pardon! Let me see!" He sat up. It did not hurt him. He tried his joints. Nothing hurt him.

"Please!" cried the girl, quickly. He sprang up, and reached down for her hands. She was very pale.

"I can't—" she whispered, weakly; "there's something pinning down my right foot."

"Pinning down!" Rankyn's heart fell. He saw that she was strewn with wreckage.

"Can't you move it?" he asked. He had a terrible desire to yell for help.

"A little, but I— Oh! I don't dare move it! I'm pinned— Oh! please—"

Rankyn went down on his knees, and began shifting the litter which partly covered her. She put both hands over her eyes, and lay silent. Rankyn wanted to shut his eyes, too, but closed his jaws tightly instead, and kept on working. He threw a split chair-back one way, and a cushion the other, uncovering her imprisoned foot. There it lay, most engagingly clothed, safe and clear, under the sickening weight of his own small valise!

Even amid the cries from the rear, Rankyn had to laugh—perhaps a trifle hysterically.

"Get up, please," he said, holding out both hands. "It's all right."

"My foot?"

"It was only my valise. Come, you must get away from this."

"And it's not pinned! Oh-h-h—!" He guessed she was faint, and looked her over critically. Up in a field near them he saw a farmhouse, emptied by the wreck.

"Excuse me," he said, suddenly, "but you must leave here at once. Allow me—"

She was even lighter than he had thought, and came up easily. He swung her well toward his left shoulder, and, getting a new hold with both arms, marched solemnly away from their shattered train. She was so quiet he believed she really had fainted until he noticed that she held him firmly around the neck. He did not risk distracting conversation.

They came to a fence, and Rankyn put her over, following with considerable alacrity. She stepped away a little.

"I can walk now—I think I can," she said, most healthfully rosy.

Rankyn's manful self came forward, and he lied glibly to abet it.

"No, you are very pale," he said, "and—"

Then he picked her up again, before she could protest or escape him. Neither spoke as they neared the farmhouse. Rankyn's mind was centered upon one tiny spot on his left cheek, where some brown hair touched him. He felt a little tremulous when he put her down in a big chair by the kitchen stove.

"I'm so much obliged," she said, looking hard at the woman who confusedly prepared for the arrival of the injured. "Please go back, now, and do what you can."

"Very well," replied Rankyn, with gentle insolence, "when I am ready. Be quiet, please."

He poured some whisky from his flask, and mixed a hot, well-sweetened drink. While she swallowed it, with charming grimaces, he stood watching her. The gray hat was battered. He bent over her, and, drawing the pins, threw it into the wood-box. She flushed again, away up under the crest of lovely hair, but did not look at him. Rankyn admired her self-control, for he knew he was annoying her.

A youth ran in, and addressed Rankyn. "Somebody's to go ahead, and wire headquarters from Grantborough," he said. "Can't you do it? You're not hurt, are you? It's only two miles. Every trainman's done up badly. They're going to bring them all up here—eighteen of them, and some of them—"

Rankyn held up a commanding palm.

"—and, I mean— well, this is the only house, you know."

Rankyn looked at the girl. "You can't stay here, then," he said. "Can you walk two miles?"

"I walk more every day of my life," she answered, smiling up to him at last. "Do you want me?"

"I won't go without you," Rankyn came near saying. Really, he only got her hat, and led the way out. They climbed the fence, and, gaining the tracks, started east toward Grantborough. On the fatal curve, they looked back. A slow procession moved toward the little farm-house. Some agonized cries reached them.

"I simply couldn't have stayed," said the girl. "Could I?"

Rankyn branched off into a talk about birds. She knew so much more than he did that he left birds for mountains and yachting and walking-tours and moonlights.

"I love all that!" she cried—happily, he knew.

"Few women do," said he, "they are so deeply interested in themselves."

"And men, too," she replied, more earnestly. "They don't like the outdoors any more. I walk five miles a day, and I can do ten if I am in very good company."

Rankyn looked at her, in admiration undisguised. "And you shoot? And you don't mind living in a tent, even when there's no bath-tub and no steam-heat on damp days?" He was half bantering.

"Yes—yes, to both," said the girl. "Only I don't like to kill things unless I think they want to kill me. All Nature is so lovely. And, don't you know, I like it best because the nearer we get to Nature the closer we are to God; for Nature is His only way of speaking to mortals, don't you think?"

"I never heard any woman say that before," said Rankyn, fervently, "but it is beautifully true. 'The groves were God's first temples,' you remember."

"Yes," the girl said, looking away, and speaking as if not to him. "I do know, and I love it. But so few understand that it's really lonesome—this being a disciple of Nature. There's only one true life in this

world; and, after all, I don't suppose it's so different from what's awaiting us in the other. They're both complete in the degree in which they approach Nature's ideal. That is why I love the Outdoors. It's God's Reality. That's why I hate society. It's a wicked, wicked sham!"

Her intensity astounded Rankyn; it was so like an arraignment of himself.

"I understand," he said, formally. "I know you do," she replied, meaning more than he had intended to convey. "Nature's elect sound in tune, as you and I have to-day. We know each other instantly through her mysterious bond. I always trust men and women who understand. You may spend your life with some people who'll never be able to see anything in Nature but dirt-heaps and dried leaves. I'm very, very glad, since Fate sent us this day, that you do understand."

Rankyn thought it a very short way to Grantborough. He wired a report to headquarters, and looked up branch trains, while the girl sat on a bench in the waiting-room. As he left the telegraph-window, he automatically read the time. It was eleven o'clock.

He was to be married at eight that evening, and all his baggage was in the wreck.

He had not considered that. It reminded him shockingly of several things. He walked slowly back to where she sat, and stood looking down at her—as he had in the farmhouse—ignoring his own rudeness. She suddenly began pulling off her gloves.

"A penny!" she said, smiling a little uncertainly.

"I was thinking," Rankyn said, with that directness which made him both friends and foes, "how very lovely you are, and that so long as I live I shall remember this day and you. I—"

She was pulling almost excitedly at her gloves.

"I'm on my way to be married," he went on, "and I'm sorry. Good-by." The gloves were off. To Rankyn's surprise she gave him her left hand. As his fingers closed firmly over it, he felt the cut of a gem, and looked down quickly at the blazing ring on her third finger. He did not let go at once. When he lifted his eyes, she was regarding him earnestly. Then she put her other hand tightly over his.

"Good-by," she whispered, "I'm sorry, too!"

### The Spinner.

A beggar blind, she sat upon a stone Within the market-place.

Amid the surging crowd she spun, alone,

A smile upon her face;

One paused and spoke to her in wondering tone:

"Why do you smile?" he said.

"The people jostle and the winds are cold;

Thy hopeless eyes are blind;

Thy garments are too meagre far, and old,

To fend thee from the wind;

Thou hast no silver in thy purse, nor gold,

But beggest for thy bread."

"I am not cold," she said; "my heart is warm,

I do not feel the blast."

"But hearken to the raging of the storm!

The sun is overcast!"

"I sit and spin," she said, "secure from harm,

And think upon the Light."

"I do not see the squalor and the sin,"

She said, "that flaunt so near;

Instead, my brooding gaze is turned within,

And music soft I hear—

The voices of the stars—and spin and spin

A garment strangely bright.

A cloth of gold to wrap my soul within

When it is night."

—Celia Myrover Robinson, in Munsey's Magazine.

"How do you like the new minister?" asked Mrs. Beacon Streeter.

"I think he is magnificent," answered her literary friend, "and just the man we need. Why, his closing prayer this morning was really the most eloquent one I ever heard addressed to a Boston audience." —Harper's Monthly.

Life, having high finance in mind, remarks: There is always room at the top—if you can push the other fellow off.

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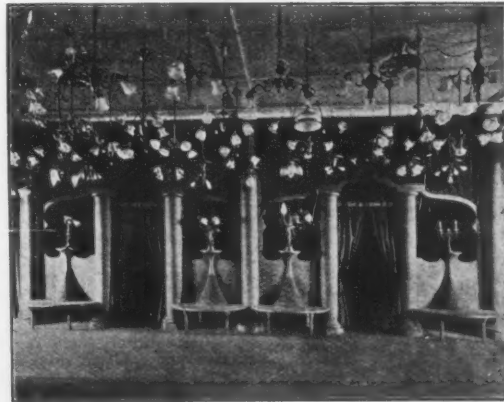
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JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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### "Saturday Night" at Summer Resorts

Readers and subscribers of *Saturday Night* leaving Toronto for the summer months may have their favorite weekly paper mailed direct from the office of publication to their summer home for any period. Our special offer is 25 cents for six weeks. Orders for new subscriptions and change of address should be sent to the *Saturday Night* Office, 26-28 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

### Points About People

#### Confederates in Canada.

THE paragraphs in this column last week on the subject of the main figures in connection with the Confederate operations in Canada attracted the attention of a number of old citizens who remember the characters involved. Mr. A. W. Wright, for some years Conservative organizer, was well acquainted with perhaps the man who has become the most famous of them all, Bennett G. Burleigh, or Burley, and even assisted him in an attempt to escape which proved futile. Burleigh was not a southerner, but a Glasgow Scotsman, who was first engaged by the Confederate forces because of his skill in inventing means for the destruction of the vessels blockading southern ports. He was lieutenant in the famous seizure of the steamers Philo Parsons and Island Queen in the attempt to capture the United States gunboat Michigan on Lake Erie. The filibusters, after the failure of the expedition, scattered to various parts of Ontario, and Burleigh went to Guelph, where A. W. Wright was a young lad in the Herald office. Previously Burleigh, after his arrival in Canada from the Confederacy, had stayed in Guelph, and rumor has it that he had secretly induced friends he made there and at Preston to cast a cannon for him for belligerent uses. The United States Government, through the spy, Godfrey P. Hyams, had learned of his whereabouts after the Philo Parsons affair, and Canadian officers were detailed to arrest him for piracy and for breach of the neutrality laws.

Burleigh had evidently been warned from Toronto that officers were on his trail, for one day he encountered young Wright and suggested that they go fishing down at Puslinch lake. The pair took a horse and rig and started out, and ere long reached a point near Preston commanding a wide outlook over the country. A mile back in the direction of Guelph was seen a horse and buggy being driven furiously. From this point of vantage the road took a dip into a deep ravine with a small stream and bridge. Driving hurriedly down the incline Burleigh jumped out of the buggy and hid under the bridge. Wright drove on leisurely up the next hill and was in ten minutes or so overtaken by the officers who demanded to know what had become of his companion. Wright professed ignorance of any companion, and the men drove furiously ahead to Preston, where they expected to find Burleigh in hiding. The latter had in the meantime calmly taken to the woods and walked across country back to Guelph.

#### Burleigh Was Arrested.

By some mischance, however, his presence back in town was betrayed, and he was seized and taken to Toronto, where Chief Justice Draper ordered his extradition. His defence was that he was a Confederate officer acting in the service of his country and that he had been guilty of no belligerent act on Canadian soil. The British Government, on representations being made in London, investigated and ordered that he be set free.

Burleigh after the war returned to Scotland, and it is said that he at one time represented the city of Glasgow in the House of Commons. His great fame, however, has been won within the last quarter of a century as a war correspondent, first for the Central News Agency and then for the London Daily Telegraph. His adventurous career in the Confederate service (it is said that he was twice sentenced to death prior to his coming to Canada) fitted him for the work. He served throughout the first Egyptian campaign, and wrote up the battle of Tel-el-

Kebir. He was correspondent in the French campaign in Madagascar, and later accompanied the desert column on the march from Korti to Metemnah in 1884. He was with the Ashantee expedition, the Atbara expedition, and was present at the taking of Omdurman by Lord Kitchener. For three years he was with the British forces in South Africa. Mr. Burleigh last visited Canada four years ago when he crossed the continent for Tokio to take up his duties as correspondent in the Japanese-Russian war. He did not visit Toronto on that occasion, although forty years previously it had been the scene of months' incarceration and where he had been the hero of a "celebrated case." If Burleigh ever writes his reminiscences, they should make lively reading.

#### The Mayor's Geography.

TORONTONIANS in common with many other citizens of Ontario have rather hazy ideas as to the location of the new cities which have recently sprung up in the Canadian West. They have a fairly definite idea as to the whereabouts of Winnipeg, Calgary and Edmonton, but outside of these points they are at a loss as to whether the city mentioned is in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Dr. McIntyre, M.P. for Strathcona, Alta., on his return from the session told the following story to the Board of Trade in his own bailiwick last week. Strathcona is the present terminus of the northern branch of the C.P.R., and has recently been chosen as the site of the provincial university for Alberta. It is located on the south bank of the Saskatchewan, opposite Edmonton. Dr. McIntyre said that last winter he was the guest of Mr. Moore, the well-known Toronto railway man. While in Toronto he said he met a great number of people. He was introduced as Mr. McIntyre, M.P. for Strathcona. Invariably the question was put: "Pardon me, but in what part of the West is Strathcona?"

This occurred so often that finally in self-defence the doctor submitted to being introduced as the member "for Strathcona, opposite to the city of Edmonton, in Alberta."

"Among the number," the doctor concluded, "who asked me to locate the city was Emerson Coatsworth, the Mayor of Toronto."

#### The Canuck and the Cuckoo.

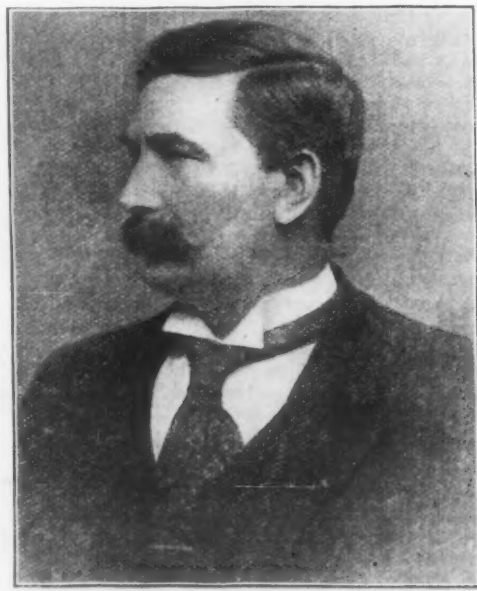
A CANADIAN attracted to London by the Colonial Conference is just now very busy suppressing a good story on himself which, much as it might appeal to a fellow-colonial's sense of humor, seems simply stupid from an Englishman's point of view.

Being a town-bred Canadian, with an absolutely limited knowledge of wild birds and tame beasts, of country manners and suburban methods, he was tremendously delighted when he was asked to spend a week-end at a famous country place not a hundred miles from London.

The first evening of his visit passed off pleasantly. It was late when the talk in the smoking-room ceased, and he was so tired the only thing impressed upon his brain as he fell asleep was the fact that breakfast would be served between half past nine and ten.

It seemed to him that he had only just fallen asleep when he was aroused by a streak of daylight that entered the room between badly adjusted curtains and pointed straight at his pillow. Sleepily he reached for his watch, and on consulting it, discovered that it had stopped. Wakened thoroughly by the realization of this minor disaster he suddenly heard a clock—a cuckoo clock—begin to strike. He counted. And to his horror, he counted up ten. With a leap and a bound he was out of bed, and scrambling into his clothes, accomplishing his record in hasty toilets. Going out into the hall he found everything strangely quiet. A maid armed with a duster and a portentous yawn eyed him curiously. A man servant busily occupied in warming himself at the fire in the great entrance hall seemed annoyed at his appearance. Feeling that something was out of place and that he was being regarded as an intruder, the Canadian opened a door at haphazard and found himself in the breakfast room, and there he discovered confirmation of his worst fears, for the room was empty, everything had been cleared away, and no trace of breakfast remained but the cloth. Angrier than ever at his awkwardness in oversleeping himself, he turned to leave the room when once more the striking of the cuckoo clock arrested his attention. As before he counted the notes of the raucous-voiced bird, only to discover that by careful count it was sixteen o'clock. Convinced that there was a mistake somewhere he went back to the hall and demanded the time from the haughty footman lounging before the fire.

"Half past six, sir," said the man. Inwardly raging, the Canadian repaired to his room and deliberately undressed and went to bed again, first, however, taking the precaution to set and wind his watch.



Mr. Bennett Burleigh

The famous war correspondent who was arrested in Guelph and imprisoned in Toronto, at the conclusion of the American civil war, accused of plotting against the North, and charged with violating the laws of neutrality.

Two hours later he awoke to accept his matutinal cup of tea and bread and butter wafer when they were offered to him; took his bath when it was made ready, and at half past nine once more found himself in the breakfast-room.

After the usual "Good mornings," his hostess said to him, as she busied herself with the tea cups, "I do hope the cuckoo did not disturb you. It seemed to begin earlier than usual this morning."

"The cuckoo?" he murmured, thinking his early rising had been discovered after all, and mentally deciding to cut the haughty footman's "tip" in half as a lesson to hold his tongue.

"Yes, the cuckoo," his hostess continued. "It is such a noisy thing and gets nerve-racking at times. Fortunately we only have it in the spring."

And then it dawned on him. He had been victimized by a real bird, and not by a wooden one in a Swiss clock. And if there was a madder man in England this Canadian in a country house would have liked to interview him.

#### A Hot Montreal Election.

WHEN the poet of the habitant, the late Dr. Drummond, addressed the Canadian Club in Toronto two or three years ago his talk turned on the necessity in both Ontario and Quebec of cleaner election methods. He told a story of a time long past when Henri Beaugrand tried to oust Jean Louis Beaudry from the mayoralty of Montreal.

Beaudry had in an important booth a well-known Irish contractor who knew everybody in the district, while Beaugrand was represented by a bright young lawyer. Towards noon, votes were coming in slowly, and the young lawyer, knowing that his friends had some votes to poll that the keen-eyed Irishman might object to, managed to persuade that gentleman to leave the booth in order to partake of a lunch. While they were absent a regular boom struck that polling booth. When the scrutineers returned the Irishman casually enquired if any votes had been polled while he was out.

"A few," said the deputy returning officer, passing over a long list of names.

Putting on his glasses the Beaudry representative went over the names which brought to his astonished eyes visions of old Montreal and her founders; men who had disappeared from mortal ken many years before; half-forgotten friends, well remembered enemies, all were there.

"John Dwyer," said he. "I never heard a word of John, only that he's dead since he went to Pittsburg fourteen years ago. George Blinkinsop? We buried him in '54. Michael Cassidy! Glory be to God! And he's here too. The biggest funeral we ever had in Griffintown. Denis Mulhern? The poor boy was kilt the night St. Patrick's hall fell in. Well! well! well! this is great work!"

Slowly turning to the young lawyer and removing his spectacles the Irishman said with great impressiveness, "Sir, I never thought I'd live to see the resurrection."

#### An Old Young Man.

WHEN the Spaniards discovered Florida they hoped to find there the spring of perpetual youth. They failed, but Sir Thomas Shaughnessy seems to have found the secret, not in the land of flowers but in the strenuous life of a railway manager. Seeing him at his work or meeting him hurrying along the street one cannot fail to notice how kindly time deals with the man of the C.P.R. Of course he has the complexion and color of hair that wear well, but in his case they do not seem to wear at all. His cheeks seem as fresh and his locks as abundant and glossy as when he was in Canada many years ago and when much of the C.P.R. existed on paper only. Regularity of life, it will be said, accounts for all this, but in Sir Thomas' case the regularity has been regularity of work, another illustration of the old saying that a man will rust out faster than he will wear out. He never looks faded or worn, and although always in a hurry, is never found in a flurry. Some of these captains of our industrial life of whom Time seems to stand in awe, who carry tremendous responsibilities but do not seem to grow weary or bend beneath the load, should give the world the secret of it all. Perhaps it is locked up in these words—don't worry.

#### Two Different Bourassas.

BOURASSA is a name pretty well known to-day from one end of the Dominion to the other, thanks to the meteoric-like cleverness and somewhat erratic politics of the handsome young gentleman who now bears it in the House of Commons—the honorable member for Labelle. He has made the name familiar, and no doubt he hopes yet to make it illustrious. Time is on his side, for he is still young, and he possesses considerable ability and an appreciation of the power of the dramatic in the game of politics. His chances of success are, therefore, good.

Perhaps it is forgotten that the member for Labelle is not the first to bear that name in the Parliament of Canada. Before Henri appeared it had stood for almost a third of a century on the roll of the House of Commons. Elections came and new Houses appeared, but Bourassa came on for ever, in fact so long that the Bourassa of those days grew grey in parliamentary life and took rank among the veterans. For all that the county of St. Johns, Que., was responsible. St. Johns skirts the west shore of the Richelieu river, extending northward from the International Boundary for about thirty miles. A town of the same name is the county seat—a place of historical interest, for it stood a siege by the American army that invaded Canada in the war of the Revolution. Apart from the handful of English residents in the town and in the southern parish, the inhabitants of the constituency are all French, and an overwhelming majority are Rouges of the old school who, to a considerable extent, correspond to the Clear Grits of Ontario. The memory of men does not reach back to the time when the county elected a Tory or a Conservative. One of their first choices after Confederation was plain Farmer Bourassa, and to their early love they remained constant. No one could defeat him, and after a time no one practically tried. Every election saw him returned and every session found him in his seat, sometimes at the right, sometimes at the left of the Speaker, but always behind the leader of the Liberal party.

No two men could have stood in more marked contrast to each other than the Bourassa of St. Johns and the Bourassa of Labelle. The former was a typical habitant, one of the plain people, with limited education and no power of speech in the parliamentary sense. The Bourassa of to-day is of patrician lineage, so far as there is such a thing in this country. He is a scholar, a polished man of the world, and in both languages one of the best speakers in politics. They were alike in name only.

The old-time Bourassa of St. Johns was a conspicuous figure at Ottawa by reason of his oddities. His clothes were of stout habitant homespun, and the cut had more about it of comfort than of style. The bottoms of the

trousers crept well above the ankles, and the coat collar sometimes hung away from the neck and sometimes poked up against the back of the head. His necktie, holding up about his ears a sort of rustic Gladstone collar, was tied something in the manner of the stock of a century ago. He always wore top-boots innocent of blacking with creaking soles. Hour after hour he sat at his desk, and probably no man ever did more listening in that chamber than did Mr. Bourassa of St. Johns. He had disappeared before Mr. Bourassa of Labelle appeared on the scene. It would have been interesting to have had his opinion of his brilliant and versatile namesake.

#### Another Old-Timer.

A CONTEMPORARY of Mr. Bourassa of St. Johns and also a representative of an old-time frontier Liberal county was Julius Scriver, of Huntingdon, a county in which Scottish blood predominates, and therefore one of the best farming districts in Quebec. In the first Parliament after Confederation Huntingdon was represented by Sir John Rose, one of the leading public men presented by Sir John Rose, one of the leading public men of his day and the father of the Hon. Charles Rose of England, a prominent yachtsman whose name a few years ago was associated with a challenge for the America's Cup race. Sir John was succeeded in the seat for Huntingdon by Mr. Scriver, a prominent business man of the county and a member of one of its oldest families. From 1872 until 1900 he held the seat, when old age compelled him to retire from public life. One instance may be cited to show how strong a hold Mr. Scriver had on his constituents. At the general elections of 1891 the writ for Huntingdon was for some reason or other held back so that the contest there did not take place until two weeks after the general polling day. The general issue was no longer in doubt, and Mr. Scriver had to face what was practically a bye-election, always an up-hill fight for an Opposition candidate. The Government set themselves to capture the seat, and down by special train went Sir Adolphe Chapleau, Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper and Donald Macmaster, K.C.—a pretty strong talking trio. Mr. Scriver's first lieutenant was Charles Marcell, now Deputy Speaker, but then a newspaper man of Montreal. The ministerialists did their best, but Mr. Scriver had nearly every meeting with him and won by a majority of almost three hundred.

Mr. Scriver had the reputation of being the best posted member of the House in parliamentary practice and procedure. He was a good debater too, and the Liberal party and the cause of prohibition lost a staunch supporter when he retired.

#### A New Story of John A.

A STORY which has never found its way into print is related of Sir John A. Macdonald and Mr. George L. Allan, an uncle of Dr. Norman Allan of this city, and who for some years was governor of the Toronto jail.

At the wedding of Mr. Isaac Ferguson of Cookstown to Miss Emily Gowan, a daughter of the Hon. Ogle R. Gowan, M.P., of Toronto, a number of lively girls pushed and held Mr. Allan under a tiny hole in the marquee roof through which the rain was falling. Attracted by the hearty laughter of the misses, Sir John approached and watched with serious face, the rain as it danced on and off the governor's bald head.

Then with a stutter affected for the occasion Sir John remarked: "W-well Allan! They have you w-w-where you've had many another g-good fellow."

"Where's that?" asked the governor.

With a grin and wink that conveyed infinite understanding Sir John replied, "U-u-under the d-drop."

#### An Old Time Preacher.

THE preachers of fifty years ago in the country districts of Canada were in many respects different from their more cultured, more educated and better-dressed successors of to-day. They were possessed of much crude force of mind, spoke earnestly, and no doubt accomplished much good. But there were strange samples among them. I recall one of them, ignorant, conceited, but otherwise an honest, well-meaning person. He knew nothing of the facts of science. The flood was the subject of one of his most eloquent discourses. Very graphic was his description of how Noah built the Ark, and how the water came down and up.

"Plank after plank went up and spike after spike was driven." Then, "the rain poured down from the heavens, day and night it poured for forty days and forty nights. And the waters riz and riz till they covered the tops of the highest mountains, thousands and thousands of miles deep!"

There was a flood indeed.

The preacher had been a Methodist but was now a Baptist, a convert to immersion. Many times he preached on that topic after reading as the Scriptural lesson the story of the Ethiopian eunuch's baptism by Philip. The text was: "They went down into the water." This sermon, which I was privileged to hear several times, was always prefaced by an explanatory sentence that "the term eunuch is an eastern phrase, signifying next in authority."

About that time the first Atlantic cable was laid. The preacher came to my father's house, and proceeded to deliver himself much as follows: "Brother Charles, I used to think and think about things, but now I've got to where I know. There's this here bilious fever. I wondered why they called it bilious fever, and then it came to me; it was because it was ragin' like the billers of the sea. And there's that Atlantic cable. You'd wonder how they ever laid it, and got it to stay. Because, you know, the sea hain't got no bottom, and you'd nat'rally think it would go on sinkin' down forever. But these larnt men, they discovered that there's a pint they call the centre of gravity, and nothin' won't sink below it. And they jist laid that cable on the centre of gravity, and there it lays jist as level as that floor."

The Prince of Wales, who has just become an honorary LL.D. of the University of Glasgow, is said to have the right to wear a larger assortment of university hoods and gowns than any other Englishman alive. Apart from his diplomas from the great seats of learning in England and Wales, the prince is an LL.D. of Melbourne, Tasmania, Toronto, McGill (Montreal), and Queen's (Kingston); he is an alumnus of the Indian universities, and chancellor of the university in the principality from which he takes his title.

Dooley. "Be hangs over the Col's forty-four moon. Th' Ir They're goin' th' sojers back. "An' And man, finest ad an' a produ out. He done agin War as sands iv your shovel an' tal changin' th' fr th' degrad with sabres cni out payin' ann "War cert a smile. Wh young man th toil chasin' of day he is sar truck-load iv to have in his a quite afte lightly fr'm o gettin' under head. If he is proud iv. He Andrew Car him be th' h low; go back "But some newpapers ter in th' dissim country's ho "Be hives th iv clothes th' foundry fr'm somethin' like not so danger Marry Ellen M in jine two that manny a mint. "An' so h an' his fam'ly dhrink an' he used to rent Fincocane's h with th' ban lookin' on an' I didn't have him. He'd f too, an' often An' he comes shake him be him, an' str kind iv food h an', be hives McGraw. "She is th kerchief out it in her mou an' thin wavin in' all th' time can't stand it prised look at there; an' wh he doffs his h Ellen waved h th' truck an' go home alone goes back to game of domi "Tis this t he's right. hayro. And That's what h industreel an Andrew. I Andrew, he do are doin' th' fight a sojer. a contravars men. It is War! An a rel give van ye. Anything ye So he wrote a wuruld an' a ference. "Impror thure that ye hear fr'm ye. I sind ye as a along our d charge iv me Gawd defin arm iv mine lection iv pre "Th' Pris Andrew, I e ference an e Finesherb, au Food." Th p'raps ye-will ye're house, brush till I he parlor in a g have another. ye entirely. sively-eight pomp an' cere ers. I wish But they are subicks in v have silited whose names "An' Tedd atind ye're co practice. I k ed up San Jo

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## MR. DOOLEY DISCUSSES WAR

By Finley Peter Dunne

"WELL, Sir," said Mr. Dooley, "it's wonderful what that man Andrew Carnagie can do."

"What's he been up to iv late?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"He's been abolishin' war," said Mr. Dooley. "Be all accounts there'll be no more war. Peace hangs over th' wurruled. Tiddy Rosenfelt has turned his Colt's forty-four into a flute an' plays on it undher th' moon. Th' Impror Willum is larnin' th' game iv crokay. They're goin' to disband th' armies ivrywhere an' sind th' sojers back to wurruk at th' arts iv Peace."

"An' Andrew did it all. A great man, a great little man, finest advertisement iv oats, Caledonia's favorite son an' a product that Pittsburg ought to be glad she turned out. He done it all, th' fine little man. He got a grudge agin War as a pursoot. He pitched in his mind thousands iv young men throwin' down th' useful pick an' shovel an' takin' up th' more aasily carrid rifle an' exchangin' th' hon'ble blue overalls an' red flannel shirt fr th' degradin' khaki an' yellow boots an' slouch hat with sabres crossed on it, an' goin' off on a thrain without payin' anny fare, an' th' thought filled him with horror."

"War certainly is hell, as Gin'ral Sherman said with a smile. What cud ye imagine more dreadful thin a young man that has had his life consecrated to th' noble toil chasin' off to th' ignominious pursoot iv arms. To-day he is sarvin' his country well be pushin' a small truck-load iv soft coal up an incline that Barnum ought to have in his circus fr th' loop th' loop lady, or injyin' a quite afternoon in July blowin' glass, or thrippin' lightly fr'm car to car on a fast freight an' sometimes gettin' undher th' viaduct an' sometimes hurtin' it with his head. If he on'y knew it, he's a man we ought to be proud iv. He's a man we ar'e proud iv. He's a man Andrew Carnagie wud be glad to go up to an' grasp him be th' hand an' say to him, 'Thank ye, me good fellow; go back to wurruk now.'"

"But somebody comes along an' blows a bugle, th' newspapers tell him that 'tis up to ivrybody not engaged in th' dissimulation iv news to strike him blow fr his country's honor an' th' foolish artizan says to himself: 'Be hives this looks good to me. I'll be fine in th' kind iv clothes th' boss wears when he comes down to th' foundry fr'm a ride in th' park. It'll be gr-reat fun, somethin' like a bricklayer's picnic at Willow Springs but not so dangerous to human life. I am fr war, an' maybe Marrv Ellen McGraw that's so struck on that fresh fellow in injine two will see me when I march away an' know that manny a thure heart beats outside iv th' fire department.'"

"An' so he tells th' foreman what he thinks iv him an' his family away back, an' manny a man buys him a drink an' he enlists an' gets into free clothes that he used to rent fr a dollar fr th' Mardy Gras Ball at Finocane's hall. An' he marches through th' streets with th' banners wavin' above him an' maybe th' boss lookin' on an' sayin': 'There goes wan iv me fellows. If I didn't have so manny inthrests at stake I'd like to lead him. He'd follow me through hell,—an' ye bet he wud, too, an' often wistht that he'd have a chance some day. An' he comes to th' deapo where cow'rd's he never knew shake him be th' hand, an' his father an' mother cry over him, an' strange ladies pass up to him baskets full iv th' kind iv food he never saw before except at surprise parties, an', he hives, there standin' on a truck is Mary Ellen McGraw."

"She is thryin' to attract his attention, takin' a handkerchief out iv her mouth an' wavin' it an' th' puttin' it in her mouth again till she thinks she's caught his eye an' th' wavin' it furiously, an' half gigglin' an' half cryin' all th' time. He sees her, but he don't let on until he can't stand it anny longer, an' th' time he gives her a surprised look an' hollers out: 'Why Miss McGraw, hello there!' an' when th' whistle blows an' th' thrain pulls out he doffs his hat carelessly as an old sojer shud, an' Mary Ellen waved her handkerchief so far forward she falls off th' truck an' tells th' hayro iv th' hose cart that she will go home alone with her grief, thank ye, an' th' fire fighter goes back to th' injine house an' fairly throws away a game of dominoes with th' pipeman."

"'Tis this thrajedy that Andrew has broken up. An' he's right. Ye look on this here young fellow as a hayro. Andrew an' me look on him as a deserter. That's what he is, too. He's left his proud position in th' indushtreel army. He's abandoned his post. He's quit Andrew. He ain't to blame. I'll say this fr Andrew, he blames nobody. Ivrybody is all right. They are doin' th' best they can, poor things. He wudden't fight a sojer. He wud cross th' street rather thin have a controversy with wan iv thim excellent but ill-informed men. It is not th' sojer but th' thing itself he hates. War! An awful thing. Why not, if two nations quarrel give wan iv thim an option on th' other? That'd fix it. Anything ye can't do with an option ain't worth doin'. So he wrote a letter to all th' other crowned heads in th' wurruled an' asked thim to sind dillygates to a peace conference."

"Impror Willum replied: 'Dear Andrew, is it thure that ye have so much money? If so, am glad to hear fr'm ye. Me wan dream in th' wurruled is peace. I sind ye as a ripsintative iv our high-born nation to help along our d'ream. Frawlein Lulu Schmitz, who has charge iv me wife's th' Impress iv Germany, who may Gawd defend in her title as I will with this strong right arm iv mine an' th' blood iv th' German people, her collection iv pressed flowers in an album.'"

"Th' President iv France fr th' moment wrote: 'Sheer Andrew, I embrace ye. I have selected fr ye'er conference an excellent man, a dear little fellow, Moosoo Finesherb, author iv that so-cheerful essay: 'Th' Cat; His Food.' Th' King iv England wrote: 'Dear Andy, p'raps ye will recall me as havin' wanst passed a night in ye're house. I never knew what become iv me tooth brush till I heard th' other day that ye had it hung in ye're parlor in a goold frame. Never mind returnin' it. I have another. As far as war is concerned, I agree with ye entirely. I know to th' full its horrors fr I have sivyenty-eight uniforms, an' all iv thim tight. I hate th' pomp an' ceremony iv a belt. Fr me peace an' suspenders. I wish I cud sind a sojer to ye're festive meetin'. But they are all busy puttin' down rebellions iv me loyal subjects in various parts iv th' wurruled. However, I have silycted as me ripsintative a well-known oculist, whose names escapes me fr th' prisent.'"

"An' Teddy Rosenfelt wrote: 'I am so sorry I can't astind ye're conference, but I'm goin' out to see th' target practice. I know well th' horrors iv war. As I marched up San Joan Hill—but why go into details? I will

on'y say that anny man in Wall Shstreet will tell ye that th' late war with Spain did more to injure this country thin annything that has happened since I don't know whin. I will be ripsinted at th' conference be me old frind Doctor Eliot iv Harvard, left tackle in th' team iv fifty-three.'"

"Th' dillygates gathered fr'm far an' near. Andrew paid their fares. Andrew met thim at th' boat an' give thim spendin' money. It was Andrew that took thim in throlley cars out to see th' stuffed animals an' th' bones iv prehistoric monsther in th' museums. His idea is to make Peace thurly attractive an' gay, an' fr th' meetin' he got up this allurin' programme:

Chairman—A. Carnagie.

Openin' Invocation ..... Andrew  
Speech iv Welcome ..... Th' Chairman  
Song ..... A. Carnagie  
Oration ..... A. Carnagie  
Bag Pipe Solo, 'Th' Palms' ..... A. Carnagie  
Presintation iv medals to Andrew Carnagie be th' Chairman.

Response ..... A. Carnagie  
Incidental music, electric lights, railroad fares, scenery, costumes, food an' dhrink, be

Andrew Carnagie

"I'll not thry to tell ye what was done at th' meetin'. Ye've read about it in th' pa-pers. Th' dillygates pledged themselves to call upon their respective nations to beat their swords into plowshares, which Andrew Carnagie agreed to float on th' market as soon as money got a little aasier. At th' end iv th' meetin' th' Fr-rinch ripsintative crept around behind Andrew an' garotted him with th' Legend iv Honor. This is a rare dignity fr Fr-rance to bestow on annywan. It admits Andrew to a society that includes Packin, th' well-known dress-maker, two reaper mannyfacturers fr'm Chicago, a cilly-brated English pickle maker, an' Jacques, th' best barber in all Paris. But it was an honor well arned. Th' total cost iv th' entertainment, includin' bus fare, new embrellys, restorin' lost eye-glasses, grool in th' rooms, et cethry, was wan hundred an' fifty thousand dollars, an' that, me frind on a newspaper tells me, is about th' equivalent iv twenty cents an agate line next to pure readin' matter. Very reasonable."

"It's a sad thing to say, Hinnissy, but d'ye know th' popylace didn't seem to take this here epoch-makin' evnt with much enthusyasm. Whin th' conf'rence broke up ye'd expect to see th' streets lined with people waitin' fr th' hayroes to emerge. I thought hundreds iv polis-men wud be required to keep back th' dense crowd iv peace lovers that wud pack th' sidewalks. Women an' childer bring along their lunches, an' perch on th' front stoops iv th' houses. Th' windows are filled with bright an' eager faces. Suddenly a band composed iv two hundred harps an' as manny flutes strikes up a stirrin' lullaby, an' th' gallant defenders iv our hearths come down through a line iv cheerin' humanity. 'Who's that marchin' ahead with th' steady measured trot iv a seasoned peace lover, that splendid figure near five feet high, with a face bronzed be thousands iv compliments? It can't be; yet it is. It's Andrew. It's Andrew, girls, hooray!' An' as th' hayro that has silenced a myllion bathries toddles by with his head bowed, th' polis-men blow him kisses, thousands iv white flags are waved, th' heart iv manny a young man beats faster at th' thought that some day he, too, may sell out to a thrust, an' Admiral Farragut climbs down fr'm his pedestal an' is seen runnin' fr th' river."

"But it didn't happen that way at all. Th' country wint to bed unusually early on that fatal night. No wan thought iv callin' up th' newspaper offices an' askin' if there was anny news fr'm th' Peace conf'rence. I looked to see something comin' out on th' ticker, but th' ticker was full iv a shameful account iv a fight between two fellows named Burke an' Sullivan. I don't care fr these things. They disgust me, thim barb'rous exhibitions, but I do think that if Sullivan had kept his man off with his left an' not tried to mix it he might've—but what am I talkin' about."

"I'm sorry th' destruction iv war has been rayceived with no more enthusyasm thin a rapoport iv th' fish commission in Arzony. But so it is. An' d'ye know, I've begun to have a suspicyon that War may be more pop'lar thin some iv us thinks. It's been goin' on fr a good manny years. Hogan tells me there was a peace conference in Rome so manny years ago that it must've been before my time, an' Joolyas Caysar sint his regards to it be a man he'd captured in Biljum. I'm not fr war; I'm again it. But what am I goin' to do with th' young fellows? If there was wan man undher sixty at th' Peace Conference I'd have a little something down on Universa



He—So your husband has given up smoking? That wants a pretty strong will.  
She—Well, I've got one.—Punch.

Peace. War ain't fr th' old. Their business is set back practisin' checkers, sage advice, an' usury.

"But to a lad war's a picnic. If he didn't feel that way there wudden't be anny wars."

"Ye can't convince th' kind iv young fellow that ye get fr sojers that it's a perilous occypation. He knows it ain't, compared with th' kind he's used to. Larkin has th' figures, an' he can prove to ye that anny man brakin' on a first-class American railroad listed on th' New York Stock Exchange has about five times as good a chance to be kilt as th' most inthrepid sojer. How many old railroad men d'ye see around? An' how manny vetrans iv th' Grand Army iv th' Raypublic? I know 'tis wrong fr a conscript in th' indushtreel army, who's detailed to th' important post iv cannin' white lead to fly his jooty whin he's called upon to go out an' shoot fr'm behind a three at foreigners that he used to throw bricks at, but ye can't prove it to him. War fr this boy is three, four or five years iv th' kind iv a time he has fr a week ivry year whin him an' Billy Walsh an' old Stubby Schwartz goes off campin' at Twin Lakes."

"An' th' ladies! What ar' ye goin' to do about thim? Ar're ye goin' to abolish th' ladies when ye abolish War? I know pawnbrokin' is a more hon'rab'le prof'ssyon thin war, but I never see anny bright glances iv th' fair directed at me frind Mose. I've seen thim hand him ivrything else, but niver an eye. Th' ladies wud keep war goin' if ivrybody else was again it. In me day I was no badge-horse meself whin it come to popylarity with th' sex, but whiniver I see a coat with brass buttons wipin' its feet on th' duremat I reached undher th' chair fr me hat. If I stayed, I know I'd have to put in th' avenin' talkin' with th' old man about his rheumatism."

"Yes, sir, ye're against war, an' so am I, an' so is ivrybody who knows th' way to th' distints. But ye'll niver get th' foolish an' frivolous young to give it up till ye practice th' rule laid down be th' newspapers fr th' agonized wife who writes in to ask how to keep her husband fr'm goin' out nights. 'Make th' home as comfortable as th' saloon.' An' if ye raaly want to know what th' chances ar're iv Permanent Peace ask ye'er son Packy whin he'd rather be whin he grows up to be a big man—Gin'ril Grant or Andrew Carnagie. An' they're both th' same size."

"Well, annyhow," said Mr. Hinnissy, "war is a turble thing. I had a cousin; he was a steeple-jack, that was kilt at Gettysburg, an' he might've lived to an advanced old age—"

"If," said Mr. Dooley, "he had lived. Peace, as Hogan says, has its victims less renowned thin war."

## A Little Story of a New Hat.

A TORONTO man last Saturday was going to the races and decided that it was necessary for his real splendor that he buy a new hat and get a hair cut. He bought the hat with comparative ease after trying on five or six shapes and then he sought tonsorial improvements. This was a more difficult matter. He walked into the barber shop and hung up his new hat. Many persons had conceived the idea that they too needed a barber's attentions. He waited and waited and finally realizing that his wife would think he was not going to meet her at all he grasped the nearest hat at hand and rushed to the appointed tryin' place.

"Why you've bought a new hat," she said. "You're a dear, you know I've been waiting you to get one for weeks."

"Do you really like it?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed I do, it's awfully becoming," replied the wife.

Hubby went down to the races pluming himself on his admirable headgear, for his wife had usually been a very stern critic of his taste in such matters. He came back in the same mood, slept the sleep of the man who had not bet on the King's Plate, and on the Sabbath morn walked forth with his infant daughter and faithful hound to enjoy the long withheld balmy breezes of spring. Chancing to take off his hat he noticed the initials of another man in it. There were obvious evidences of wear also. He racked his brain until he finally remembered the barber shop episode. He returned home and asked his wife:

"Do you really like this hat?"

"Yes dear it's awfully becoming. You're awfully careless about these things. I wanted you to get a new hat months ago."

"Well, this hat happens to be somebody else's. I got it in the barber shop," remarked the hubby, "but since you like it I guess it will do."

The good lady was at once indignant with the new hat. It was dingy, it was spotted, it was an out-of-date affair anyway. The man reminded her of the welcome it had received on the previous day. The lady had not taken a close look, she had been deceived by the difference in shape. So the husband in despair made a still hunt with the assistance of the barber for his hat. The wearer being run down said:

"Well, I knew it wasn't a square deal. Yours was a new hat and I bought this one a year ago."

The husband is naturally doubtful as to feminine perception in the matter of men's attire.

Sir Percy Girouard, the young French-Canadian, who has served with such signal success in the British army, married the only daughter of Sir Richard Solomon. The London Reader points out that it is curious that Lady Solomon should have both husband and brother filling the office of attorney-general—the one in the Transvaal and the other in England. While the brother, Sir Lawson Walton, is sharing at home the common task of his party to solve the House of Lords question, the husband is waging a keen warfare with Sir Percy Fitzpatrick in Transvaal politics. Sir Richard Solomon's career has been one of steady progress. He is the son of a missionary at the Cape, and was called to the bar of the Inner Temple in 1879. For a time he was mathematical lecturer at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, but his first great chance occurred in 1886, when he acted as legal adviser to Lord Rosmead's commission, which enquired into the condition of Mauritius. Since then he has gone from one post to another until he became attorney-general of the Transvaal.

When Lord Curzon proposed to explore Afghanistan it was pointed out to him that, unless great care was exercised, he would meet with foul play. Accordingly, says The Bellman, he invented a gorgeous dress of red and gold, and in this he travelled throughout a then hostile country, the natives treating him as a dignitary of the highest order. But for travelling in a savage country, Lord Curzon says there is nothing to beat ordinary evening dress, for the natives do not understand it, and therefore respect it.

## The Queen's Youthful Appearance.

DURING their Majesties' recent stay in Paris nothing so much struck the Parisians as the youthful looks of the Queen. A writer in the London Reader says: A young French journalist of my acquaintance told me that he saw the Queen one morning in the Rue de la Paix, attended only by two ladies of her suite. He followed in her wake, amused to notice the unconcern of the passers-by, who would have been so excited had they known. In one shop which the three ladies entered he saw a girl, who was lolling back in a chair, beckon, without attempting to rise, to another girl to serve the customers, but, continuing to watch, he noticed, as it were, an electric shock run through the whole place a few minutes afterwards. On leaving the shop, the three ladies paused on the curbstone and seemed about to attempt the crossing. But, deterred by the traffic, they beckoned to their motor, and crossed over in it.

"Do you know that one of those ladies is the Queen of England?" said the Frenchman to a policeman.

The incredulous agent uttered the French equivalent of "Wot ye're givin' us?"

"Yes, really!" persisted the journalist.

"Which one, then?"

"The shortest, youngest and prettiest!"

"Look here, young man," said the policeman, scornfully. "I'll soon prove to you that you don't know what you're talking about. The Queen of England is over 60 years of age, and that lady isn't anywhere near 40 even."

It was in vain that the journalist protested that, having seen Her Majesty many times when in pursuit of his vocation, he was sure of what he stated. The policeman is still unconvinced.

## Anecdotes Told by Sir William Russell

THE late Sir William Russell had a great store of anecdotes of famous men. A number of these are related by The Reader of London. One related to Gordon, whom he knew well, and who made Russell's son, who was one of the original party that went up with him to Khartoum, governor of Fashoda. Sir William first met Gordon in the Crimea, and the story he used to tell of him is this:

There was a sortie, and the Russians got into one of our parallels. Gordon was in command, and, with the greatest coolness, or rather indifference, he jumped on to the parapet and encouraged the trench guards to drive them out. Of course, he remained there in imminent peril of his life. Brother officers cried: "Come down, Gordon! Come down! You'll be killed."

He took no notice, however, but simply stood there urging his men on. Then a plain Tommy of the ranks put in his word, and this was what he said:

"Leave Gordon alone. He's all right. What's being killed to him? He's one o' them blessed Christians!"

Perhaps the story that Russell told with the most gusto is how he was trained to lecture on his Crimean experiences. Thackeray and others urged him to do so, and, as he was by no means loath to make a little money, he agreed. Accordingly, a lecture was prepared, and was several times rehearsed before a select audience, composed chiefly of members of the Garrick Club. There were Delane (of The Times), Mark Lemon, Douglas Jerrold, Thackeray, Dickens, John Leech, Sheridan Knowles—indeed, a whole host of the rare spirits of the time, who did not fail to "punctuate" the lecture with "Hear, hears," cheers and laughter.

At length the actual night for the lecture came, and when the lecturer reached Willis' rooms—the scene of his debut—and saw the great and fashionable audience gathered there to hear him—"Well, I finked it!" said Russell. "I peeped in from behind the platform and my hair almost stood on end. Half the audience seemed to be Crimean officers."

"I can't go on," said I.

"Nonsense," cried Thackeray; "I've done it, and so can you."

"I can't do it. I tell you," said I.

"Go on, somebody, and say I'm ill—that all money will be returned." Just then Delane came up with a glass of champagne, saying, "That will put you all right." But I couldn't take a sip. Then I took another peep at the audience, and, before I knew where I was, Thackeray and another had taken me by the arms and run me on to the platform. So there was nothing for it but to go on."

As a matter of fact, Russell made a great success with his lecture, and he subsequently toured the whole country, making a great hit everywhere.

## Masterful Callings.

PRESIDENT HADLEY, the well-known United States educationist, says there are to-day three masterful professions—journalism, finance and politics—the practitioners of which regard themselves as masters, and not as servants. This leads Life of New York to remark:

The lawyers, then, are hired men, and the doctors, ministers, engineers and architects, but not the bankers, the journalists, nor the politicians.

There is something in that, but the statement is somewhat sweeping. In any of the professions a man may be as masterful as he thinks he can afford to be. In any of them the practitioner who is indifferent to money-making can be his own boss. Independence is closely related to economy and to the ability to live inside of such an income as one can earn by the work of his choice.

A politician who has a living to make must have an eye to his bread and butter in shaping his political conduct, and so must a journalist, and a banker who is in partnership with his conscience must be prepared to pay his partner a due share of the profits.

But after all, why insist on being masterful when there is that in service which may satisfy the noblest of human aspirations! And, besides, it is through service that the road to mastery runs.

A feature of the Royal Academy exhibition in London this year is the display and prominence given to personal adornment. The old masters were not more profuse in splendid details of costume and jewelry, says The Bellman. As though it were not enough to be covered with jewels, Sir Ernest Cassel's daughter, painted by Herkomer, is shown holding a superb necklace in her extended hand!

Victorien Sardou, the famous French playwright, declined a banquet offered him in celebration of his recent elevation to the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, on the ground that he disliked to make a speech. "The only discourse of my life," he declared, "was the funeral oration I delivered at the tomb of Dumas. We had vowed that the survivor should discharge that duty, and it fell to me to perform the vow."



GOSSIP OF INTERESTING THINGS.  
ADVERTISED ARTICLES ARE  
THE BEST.

(See Harper's Magazine for January, 1907.)

"Because it does not pay to advertise a poor article, nearly all the products which are widely advertised in high class periodicals are the best of their kind. Not because the manufacturers are noble philanthropists, better than other men, but just because being wise men of business, they know it is throwing money away to tell the public, month after month, about an inferior thing. Their wares have simply got to be the best to justify their advertising."

Probably no one article has justified its advertising better than "Baby's Own Soap." It has now been before the Canadian people for the last 30 years and its sales have been increasing all the time.

The secret of its widespread use is its absolute purity and delicacy. There is no soap like it. It is sold as low as is consistent with its exceptional purity and quality.

Its popularity has given rise to many imitations all of which cannot but be inferior as they are sold more cheaply and the manufacturers give a larger profit to the dealer.

Therefore insist on being supplied with "BABY'S OWN SOAP."  
—Don't accept substitutes.  
Get what you ask for.

## Recent Books

Some of the Most Notable Works  
by Canadian Writers Which Have  
Been Lately Published.

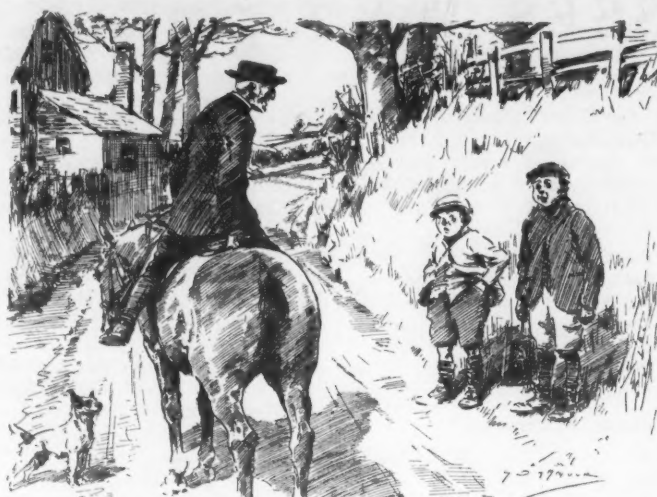
"THE Downfall of the Huron Nation," by C. C. James, has just been published among the transactions of the Royal Society of Canada.

Mr. James delivered the popular lecture of the Royal Society at Ottawa on May 23 of last year, and it is now issued in pamphlet form and is on sale by J. Hope & Sons, Ottawa; the Copp-Clark Co., Toronto, and Bernard Quaritch, London, Eng. The pamphlet makes very interesting reading for the average man who knows altogether too little about the Huron Indians and especially of their prosperous settlements in Simcoe county—a county described as "the richest archaeological field in Canada, and one of the richest in North America north of the Mexican boundary." Mr. James gives an estimate of the Indian population of Simcoe county before the war of extermination began as about equal to the present white population, including the three thriving towns of Orillia, Midland and Penetanguishene. And yet this unusually large and compact Indian population was practically wiped out by the Iroquois. Describing the "longhouses" of the Hurons Mr. James says: "Down the middle were the fires each one furnishing heat for two families. The smoke escaped by the long narrow opening left at the top of the house. These houses varied in length, in some cases reaching 200 feet. The long houses were not necessarily straight but followed the configuration of the land upon which they were constructed. Picture to yourself such a house, an abnormal sleeping car with ten fires built down the aisle and crowded with twenty Indian families. You will at once understand that such a house might be a bedlam, reeking with smoke, where privacy was unknown and where the customs of even early civilization could scarce find room for development. The effect of a spirit-infected brawler, a half-crazed medicine man or the victim of an infectious disease may be more readily imagined than described." It is all very well to idealize the noble red man, but he seems to have lived a mighty uncomfortable life. The pamphlet is illustrated with maps and half-tone views of spots once famous centres of Huron activity.

"CARMICHAEL" is the name of a new Canadian novel by a native writer who passes under the name of Anison North. It is a story of the farm. Interest centres around a feud between two neighboring farmers over a line fence dispute—who that has lived in the country does not know of such feuds and the remarkable bitterness with which two men can maintain towards each other a life-long hatred, although each may be just, honest and kindly in all matters wherein his enemy is not concerned. Perhaps a little too much of the author's space is used in the early part of the book in introducing people who are of no particular consequence to the story, but once the narrative gets under way the reader is held fast, and is made to feel that he is reading the real story of real people such as he has known all his life. Published by the William Weld Co., London, Ont. \$1.25.

CANADA may not yet have produced a great novelist but she has produced a lot of exceedingly good story-writers, and Mr. Norman Duncan comes near to being the finest literary craftsman of them all. "The Cruise of the Shining Light," Mr. Duncan's latest novel, is a short story elaborated, and it is as fine a thing as he has done—in some respects, indeed, it is the finest piece of writing yet to his credit. It is not a sea story, as the title of the book would lead one to imagine, but a tale of the Labrador coast, which the writer knows so well. It concerns a boy, Dannie Callaway; his guardian, Nicholas Top, a rough old sailor-man of Twist Tickle; and his sweetheart, Judith of Whisper Cove. For a mysterious reason and by mysterious means Old Nick Top dresses Dannie in fine clothes, tricks him out with jewels, provides him with table luxuries, and, according to his lights, aided by a study of Lord Chesterfield's rules and admonitions, earnestly works to bring the lad up to be a gentleman. The latter does not fathom the secret of his guardian's purpose until he has grown almost to manhood. The revelation is tragic, but the tale ends happily withal. The love story of Dannie and Judith is charmingly told.

Old Nick Top— weirdly forbidding in aspect, wonderfully shrewd yet pathetically foolish, relentless and terrible yet marvelously kind and gentle, a



Parson (who has been visiting the school, to son of local groom). "I'm sorry to hear you spell badly, Johnnie. Now tell me, S-a-d-d-l-e. What is that?" (No answer.) "You should know that! What is it your father puts on a horse every day?" Johnnie—"A bob each way, sir."—Punch.

## Defence of the Colonies.

(Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles, speaking at the Reform Club, pointed out the absolute dependence of the colonies for defence on the British Isles).

Oh, Gibson Bowles he made a speech And this, I take it, was the gist; That when the daughter-lands beseech Mamma to turn protectionist, She ought to answer, "No, my dears Be quiet, or I shall box your ears."

"Tis I who dressed in armor plate With tidy cruisers sweep the foam You, if I leave you to your fate, Resemble infants strayed from home Or pickles in the ocean brine That thanks to heaven's decree is mine."

One grasps, I think, the subtle point. Why should the home land care a cuss? The colony is just a joint And has no bones apart from us. A chop from our imperial lump What is it, but a senseless clump?

Heroic language! Outlook wide! Should England sacrifice a sou On men who to their mother's sue Are bound to stick like patent glue And yet that speech betrays, I think, A kind of intellectual kink

Some news escaped a few years back Of troops that served their country's need. Of volunteers who fought their whack Though not compelled by private greed; It also overlooks you know The fact that colonies may grow.

Enclosed in slightly roomier lands, When Nature shall at last grow tame, Those daughters now in leading bands May help mamma when she grows lame, Perpend on this, sagacious souls Who put to sea with Gibson Bowles!

—Manchester Courier.

De Wolf Hopper, while touring down south with "Mr. Pickwick," expressed succinctly his opinion of the railroads in the Old Dominion. He had had about ten days of bad food, worse track and no schedule, and at last he summed it all up by saying, "Well, heretofore, I always thought the Virginia creeper was a plant."—Bellman.

Mrs. Egerton Blunt—But why did you leave your last place?" Applicant—"I couldn't stand the way the mistress and master used to quarrel, mum." Mrs. E. B. (shocked)—"Dear me! Did they quarrel very much, then?" Applicant—"Yes, mum; when it wasn't me an' 'im, it was me an' 'er."—Answers.

Chicanelli, who had to leave on a journey before the end of a case begun against him by a neighbor, gave orders to his lawyer to let him know the result by telegraph. After several days he got the following telegram: "Right has triumphed." He at once telegraphed back: "Appeal immediately."—El Mundo Umoreistico.

Hicks—I dropped around to see the Fitz Kloses in their flat last night, but I couldn't get in. Wicks—Not at home, eh? Hicks—Yes, they were all at home; that was the trouble. —Catholic Standard and Times.

The Spanish courtiers have already discovered that little Alfonso has an air of mingled softness and hauteur—a Castile soap manner, as it were.—Toronto Star.

5.20 P.M. C.P.R. FOR NEW YORK. Two Pullmans daily, arriving Grand Central Station by the New York Central, 7.50 a.m.

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was a big factor in the revolutionizing of modern accounting. We introduced it throughout the British Empire. We talked Perpetual Ledger until business men conceded a trial and agreed on its merits. We have ceaselessly worked until we brought it to that state of perfection represented in the Copeland - Chatterson Bank Seal Ledger. We guarantee these metal constructed Ledger Binders (aluminum style) to be the most durable made, possessing also exclusive features that cannot be copied.

The Copeland-Chatterson Co.  
Toronto, Canada Limited

## The Sovereign Bank of Canada

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of one and one-half per cent. (1½ per cent.) for the current quarter, being at the rate of six per cent. (6 per cent.) per annum on the capital stock of this bank, has been declared, and that the same will be payable at the head office and at the branches on and after the 16th DAY OF MAY NEXT.

The transfer books will be closed from the 1st to the 15th May, both days inclusive.

By Order of the Board,

D. M. Stewart, General Manager.

Toronto, 30th March, 1907.

Main Office - - - 28 King St. West  
Market Branch - - - 168 King St. East

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These have been bought at a special price clearing the lot from English manufacturer.

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meals are served dail  
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**OK PILSENER Lager**  
you know that you are drinking a beer that has been twice filtered and pasteurized. It is PURE  
"The Light Beer in the Light Bottle" 100

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**Chartreux**  
The Chartreux Fathers' Liqueur. Distilled at Tarragona (Spain). After Your Meal take a glass of this delicious liqueur and you will be assured of perfect digestion.  
Beware of Substitutes See that you get the bottle of which we give fac-simile here.  
**D. Masson & Co.**  
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**St. George's Baking Powder**  
"I tell you, Ma'am, you ought to use  
The knowledge that you are NOT eating alum, lime, ammonia and acid in your food—should count for a great deal."  
ST. GEORGE'S is made of 99.999 pure Cream of Tartar. Try it.  
Write for free copy of our new Cook Book.  
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Put up \$1.00 tins. Sample free.

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## Lady Gay's Column

THE city has no room in its heart any more for the small householder, being crowded to the limit with ever increasing great industries requiring vast areas of walled in and roofed over space for their conduct. And so it isn't so interesting or so funny as it used to be looking from the sky parlor windows on the world below. Small dramas, comedies, tragedies and farces used to be played *en plein air*, and fair little sketches of domestic interest given free, gratis, for nothing, in early morning or late afternoon hours. The menage of the toiler, the swarming nursery of the Hebrew or the Oriental, the uncanny rites of the Washee Man with the queue, the naive housekeeping of the bachelor, have given place to blocks of brick and mortar which thrill with industry and life for the usual number of working hours permitted by the union, and shut themselves up inexorably and go dead, so to speak, at the usual closing time. Anyone, who through being housebound and idle, by reason of illness or age, finds time to look out of window these days, sees the changes in the heart of the city of the last five years. Where is the colony who had but one wash boiler and one tub between them, and solemnly passed both from dwelling to dwelling every day in the week in turn? Where has she gone, that mother of six, who stripped and scrubbed and combed and braided her family in the sunny precincts of her back yard, before the distended eyes of greenhorns, newly habiting the sky-parlor a few years ago? And the skeleton horses and the preposterous stables, which once blew away in a sad hurricane, and left the drooping headed geese defenceless against the elements? The frank and unblushing Finlander of gentle sex, secure in her native denivity, who scorned screens or window blinds, and necessitated the sudden use of both, by the startled sky-parlorites? Where have they all found homes since the great industries shoved and elbowed them out of the neighborhood? Let us hope in some suburban paradise, free from junk, brickbats and brooding smoke, and blessed with the green and the sweetness of growing vegetation, instead of the odors of garbage piles.

"Something to read?" asked the mellow-toned nurse, as the invalid stretched wearily, "not the papers, you say you don't want 'em, not a magazine, nor yet these new uncut novels? Well, what shall it be?" And ever true to convalescing taste, the invalid ordered "a Dickens' book." For it is a matter of tradition that the laddie and the invalid have always regained strength on iron tonic and a Dickens' book! This time, led by recent association it was Pickwick who gently helped the time to pass away cheerfully, while Mrs. One Lung got better and became Mrs. Two Lungs in good working order. A dithieric convalescent once owed some of its luxury to Bleak House, and the laddie got well of the measles, a complaint contracted under protest and endured with contempt, upon David Copperfield and Dombey & Son, ascribing sundry rednesses of eyelids and disposition to burly his face from sight, as symptoms of that

### FIT THE GROCER.

WIFE MADE THE SUGGESTION.

A grocer has excellent opportunity to know the effects of special foods on his customers. A Cleveland grocer has a long list of customers that have been helped in health by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee.

He says, regarding his own experience: "Two years ago I had been drinking coffee and must say that I was almost wrecked in my nerves. 'Particularly in the morning I was so irritable and upset that I could hardly wait until the coffee was served, and then I had no appetite for breakfast and did not feel like attending to my store duties.

"One day my wife suggested that inasmuch as I was selling so much Postum there must be some merit in it and suggested that we try it. I took home a package and she prepared it according to directions. The result was a very happy one. My nervousness gradually disappeared and to-day I am all right. I would advise everyone affected in any way with nervousness or stomach troubles, to leave off coffee and use Postum Food Coffee." "There's a reason." Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.

"nasty kids' disease" instead of a tribute to the pathos and force of the author. Thackeray for a sea voyage and Dickens for a land convalescence are the trusty consolations which have endured the stress of many decades. In fact it is difficult to read a page of Pemmick without sniffing sea air, or to fancy oneself enjoying a Dickens' book in any but a horizontal position.

The baby came home safely, and fulfilled the hopes of an expectant godmother by being a girl. Such a small, compact, round little person, with absolute composure of mien, and apparently not having been taught by the angels to snail, dispensing with every vocal ambition. It is a great sight to view two grown-up persons prostrate at her throne; to hear of her intelligent grasp of affairs on fifteen days' experience, puts the proudest mature intellect in a corner! In fact, it's the never-old and always wholesome story, no baby like our baby, and not a care of how blessedly foolish we are. And there is a reserve and superiority about the little mother, between her spasms of delight over her new toy, which is delicious, which one dare not break, nor smile at, which is mysterious in the highest degree, but holy, like a divine touch, setting the mother above all us mere mortals who haven't a baby to our names!

The Women's Number of the Winnipeg Telegram which came out on May 8 and the proceeds of which went to the building fund of the new home for the Y. W. C. A. in that city, was a corker. Any number of bright and handsome faces, of the clever women who got up the issue, adorned its pages. The editresses were as the sands of the sea in number; their contributions thoughtful, bright and timely. Mrs. Arthur W. Ross, Mrs. Sanford Evans (Irene Gurney), and others well known in Toronto are among those contributing to the mammoth paper. A careful look through the columns shows that in sport, philanthropy, domestic love, public spirit and all intellectual pursuits Winnipeg women are in the first rank. The fearless, breezy, open-hearted style of the great West breathes in its sentiments, and many a jolly little westerner, born on the spot, is pictured as an earnest of future success to the Prairie City. The diplomatic way the editress flatters and humors the men whom she expects to fill up any financial shortage in the building fund is immense. It seems to be a better scheme than struggling against his prejudices to secure the franchise.

Here's a story from the Women's Number aforesaid: Ethel has broken a bag of eggs, en route from the grocer's to her home, and a playmate thus cheerfully greets her, "Oh, you'll catch it when you go home. You'll catch it!" Ethel cheerfully retorts: "No, I won't catch it. I won't catch it at all! I's dot a dran-mother!"

LADY GAY.

### A Tale of Wrong.

In writing "wrong" reformers show that "w" is quite *de trop*. They say 'tis but a senseless bore. To force on pen and eye a chore Which tongue and ear shirked long ago.

That "rong" is right in speech we know, But when 'tis spelled on paper so, Somehow it looks in printing or In writing wrong.

And if we write it thus, and throw Tradition to the four winds, lo! Conservatives, aghast before Such vandalism, wrath outpour Until we learn one must go slow In righting wrong.

—June Smart Set.

Passionately he seized her hand. "Miss Gollie—Lotta," he said, "I can't live without you." The heiress blushed. "Ah," she faltered, "you have said that to so many girls, Lord Algie." "But never," he insisted, "when the upkeep of a private garage was anything like what it is to-day." —Los Angeles Times.

"213A Gerrard please. Hello! Is this the Club? Is my husband there? Hello! Not there? Sure? Well all right then; but hold on. How do you know? I haven't even told you my name?" "There ain't nobody's husband here—never!" was the wise attendant's reply.—Tatler.

"Pardon me sir, but isn't there another artist in this building?" Artist—Well, that is a matter of opinion. There is another fellow who paints. —The Model.

Sapleigh—I'm learning to play the aw—harp, doncher know. Miss Caustique—Indeed! Has your physician given up all hopes?—Chicago Daily News.

## Correspondence Column

The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Scotty and Tramp, Kingston.—Both of you forgot to enclose the necessary coupon, without which, "nothing doing."

H. M. C.—"Please, weatherman, don't be so mean, but give us something pleasant; we've had enough of frost and snow to suit us for the present. A balmy day, like one in May, for long we've been avishing, to take the rod and line and go 'way down the creek afishing." Not bad for a February poet, but what do you think of May, as far as you've got, on this twentieth day? It's as cold as Greenland to-day. October 27 brings you under Scorpio, a water sign, powerful, magnetic and full of vitality. Scorpio is generally more self-assertive than one would judge you to be. You have good concentration, facility, sense of beauty and harmony, fine sequence of ideas, sympathy and quick response. You are adaptable, sometimes impulsive, quite practical, and of an ingratiating address. You should be able to reel off some nice verses.

Anna Marie F.—August 15 brings you under Leo, a fire sign, and although you do not evince much of the ambition and aspiration of the sign, you are far from being indifferent. A little pessimism and a tendency to self-deprecation are shown. You are very bright, intuitive, adaptable and tenacious. Once convinced, you'd be hard to turn. You have considerable natural ability, which is worthy of more culture than it has yet received. You are generally careful of detail, but not a methodical worker. You are somewhat egotistic but not vain or aggressive, having thought and concentration, with a conventional tone of mind and very little initiative or originality. You can easily improve yourself and should give yourself every chance to develop your good points.

Charlotte, Owen Sound.—You are a Pisces child and your element is water. Your writing shows some broad and generous impulses, a good deal of feeling, some ambition, inexperience, over confidence and indiscretion, of speech. You are honest and capable, inclined to sentiment and will probably change a good deal in the next few years.

Iota Eta.—You say you don't think enough of other people's troubles. I should not fancy they were very profitable subjects for meditation. I suppose you mean you are not unselfish and sympathetic enough. Feb. 24, brings you under Pisces, a water sign, and one already open to appeal. It is a rather clever, interesting and pleasant hand you write, inclined to the susceptible, fond of beauty and with nice taste. I haven't the least idea why you were put into the world. You can prove it was not a mistake, anyhow.

Valentine.—This study is unformed and not suitable for dissection. Try again some day.

Lorraine.—Very pretty, no doubt, but very illogical. Life, love and work, my girl, are not broken chords. It made me smile to read your effusion. However, time will change all that, and till then, *au revoir!*

"When you asked papa for my hand did you tell him you had enough money saved to start housekeeping?" "Yes." "And what did he say to that?" Did he still refuse his consent?" "No but it amounted to a refusal." "What did he say?" "He invited me out to play poker with him last night and I went."—Houston Post.

"I wish to complain," said the Easter bride, haughtily, "about that flour you sold me. It was tough." "Tough, ma'am," stammered the grocer. "Yes, tough. I made a pie of it and my husband could hardly cut it."—Chicago Chronicle.

"Speaking of borrowing, I have an acquaintance who has had a brand new overcoat of mine for a long time and he won't give it up."

"Who is it?"

"My tailor."—Silhouette.

Madge—Has she a good memory? Marjorie—So-so. She's always remembering things she's forgotten.—Town Topics.

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## Where is Your Old Bicycle?

Dig it up from the limbo of forgotten enthusiasms and restore it to its place among the utilities of to-day. All it will need, probably, is a set of new tires. Wheeling is worth taking up again for the satisfaction of riding the new Dunlop-Doughty Process Tires. Just out this season. A tire that has improved air cushioning qualities and a slipless tread that won't wear down. The name "Dunlop" is embossed on this new tire. It costs no more than the old style. The Doughty Process Dunlop

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## THE DRAMA



"She's Excessively Pretty and is Just Eighteen."

Mr. Robert Stuart Pigott and Mr. Douglas A. Paterson in a scene from "The Importance of Being Earnest," which the Toronto Press Club presents at the Princess Theatre for two nights next week.

ERNEST SHIPMAN will present Effie Shannon, Herbert Kelcey and an all star cast of players in George Bernard Shaw's whimsical comedy, "Widowers' Houses," at the Princess the first half of next week. The same cast presented the play at the Herald Square Theatre in New York and won a unanimously flattering verdict for the beauty of the production, and the manner in which the various parts were played. Ferdinand Gottschalk, one of the best comedians on the American stage, directed rehearsals and played the part of Lickcheese, which is as disagreeable as the name of the character, with consummate art. Miss Shannon, as Blanche Sartorius, and Mr. Kelcey acted with fine finish and skill. Mr. Kelcey as the self seeking pseudo swell made a strong impression in what was conceded to be a most difficult and delicate piece of dramatic work.

Custom has not dimmed the brilliancy of the Shaw pyrotechnics and "Widowers' Houses" is said to rank with "Candida," "Man and Superman" and "You Can Never Tell."

AN event which is looked forward to as an indispensable part of the theatrical season is the annual production of the Toronto Press Club, which is scheduled for two nights at the Princess theatre next week. At the close of "A Bachelor's Romance," the club's first production, two years ago Mr. O. B. Sheppard, manager of the Princess theatre, declared emphatically that the performance was superior to any of the "dollar-fifty" attractions which had appeared in the theatre during that season. Mr. E. R. Parkhurst, the veteran critic, was also enthusiastic in his approval. The high standard of excellence has been well maintained and for this year's attraction, "The Importance of Being Earnest," with "Gringoire, The Ballad-Monger," as a curtain raiser, will be presented. Both pieces are dramatic works of rare artistic value and they have never been given in this city before.

His Honor, Lieutenant Governor Mortimer Clark will honor the occasion with his patronage and an audience of the fashion and culture of the city is assured. Editors and newspapermen from outside towns and cities will make a party representing the Canadian Press Association. A -menoir programme, containing contributions of stories, verses and cartoons by a large number of writers and artists among the club members will be distributed free. The plan opens at the box-office of the Princess theatre on Monday morning.

NEXT week, beginning Monday evening, the offering at the Grand Opera House will be the farewell engagement of "Charley's Aunt" with Etienne Girardot and the very capable supporting company seen in the play in Toronto earlier in the season. There is no doubt but that the merry comedy will keep up with

unremitting interest its lively task of dispensing wholesale and whole-some laughter during its stay at the Grand Opera House. Few jollier contrivances for the very praiseworthy purpose of driving dull care away have made their appearance. The raising of the curtain is the signal for an almost endless series of bright dialogue, clever complications, and generally amusing doings. A good play is always acceptable, but "Charley's Aunt" is so exceptionally good that there has been a demand for return engagements from every city it has visited this season.

In this play Mr. Girardot has unquestionably scored his greatest success, having played the titular role for upwards of two thousand times, and he is to be congratulated because he had previously won many enviable dramatic triumphs. In Mr. Girardot's support are the following well-known players: Wilfrid North, Sol Aiken, Henry Warwick, Frank Hollins, George Le Guere, Paul Bourget, Nina Herbert, Pauline Neff, Helena Byrne and Lottie Alter.

THE local appearance here of beautiful Mary Mannering, under the direction of Sam S. and Lee Schubert, the former "independent" managers, at the Princess Theatre soon is sure to excite much interest, especially as on that occasion this charming actress will be seen in a new play called "Glorious Betsy," an event of itself. This play, which is described as a romantic comedy, is by Rida Johnson Young, the successful writer of "Brown of Harvard" and other plays that have brought her distinction.

"Glorious Betsy" is written around the love story of Jerome Bonaparte and Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore, whose romantic marriage is a matter of history. The scenes are laid in America and France and, as Glorious Betsy, Miss Mannering is said to have found the best stellar role of her artistic career.



Etienne Girardot  
Who will play a return engagement of "Charley's Aunt" at the Grand next week.



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"THE Walls of Jericho," the four act play by Alfred Sutro, with James K. Hackett in the leading role, which is being given at the Princess this week, aims a blow at the life of the smart set in London. The blow hits the mark, too, in a direct, downright fashion. In Jack Frobisher, the big, plain, masterful chap who has made money in Queensland, returned to England, and married a lady of title with unhappy results, Mr. Hackett has found a role as well suited to his talent as could be desired. He plays the part very effectively and with admirable restraint. The play drags at the start, but on the whole it is not only very enjoyable but very successful in effecting its purpose. The supporting company is not a strong one. Miss Beatrice Beckley as Lady Alethea, Frobisher's wife, acts her role very well, but she is so much of a vixen that the final reconciliation does not strike one as being a matter worth while for her long-suffering husband. David Glassford as Harkey Bannister, is, next to Mr. Hackett, the most consistent player. J. Cleney Matthews as the Marquis of Steven-ton makes his role an amusing one, but rather over-exaggerates it. Miss Catharine Calhoun deserves mention for her light and graceful portrayal of Lady Lucy Derenham.

THE popular historical drama, "When Knighthood Was in Flower," is being presented by a very capable company at the Grand this week, and is giving pleasure to a large number of playgoers. Almost everyone is now familiar with this play, and there is no occasion to repeat the story. Grace Merritt, who plays the role of Mary Tudor, is an actress of considerable talent, and she brings a great deal of magnetism to the task of portraying the queenly part. She is evidently much in love with her work, and is possessed of a large measure of enthusiasm, a most necessary quality in any stage artist. She shows to advantage in all the varying moods of Mary. The company is well balanced. Alfred Swenson as Brandon is quite excellent. The costumes are handsome and the play is well staged.

THERE is a very good average show at Shea's this week. The headliner is "The Comstock Mystery," a smart little play in which Miss Charlotte Parry shows herself to be a very versatile lightning-change artist. The Three Keatons, favorites always, give a laughable acrobatic turn. The World's Comedy Four sing, dance and talk. Others who figure on the bill are Paul Barns, monologist; J. J. Thorne and Grace Carleton, who exchange "re-party"; the Jackson family, clever trick bicyclists; and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thorne and Company, in an amusing little farce "An Uptown Flat."

LAST Saturday evening Miss Gertrude Philp gave an interpretation of Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell" before a large audience at the Greek Theatre in the Margaret Eaton School of Expression. Miss Philp's rendering of this play, with which comparatively few people are acquainted, was an excellent piece of work. A brief sketch of Hauptmann's life was followed by a terse introduction of the characters, after which the rendering of the play was proceeded with. The audience was much impressed by Miss Philp's interpretative powers, and the evening proved an intellectual treat.

THE regulations for the Second Earl Grey Musical and Dramatic Trophy Competition, which will take place at Ottawa during the week commencing February 24, 1908, have been issued by the committee of Ottawa gentlemen appoint-



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ed by His Excellency. Some important changes have been made in the rules founded on the experience of the last competition. One is the admission of a percentage of professionals in the musical organizations entered.

MR. CHARLES GORDON ROGERS, of Ottawa, who has some reputation as a clever writer, has taken up a new line of work. He recently gave at the capital a dramatic and musical recital in which he made his appearance in the character songs of Albert

Chevalier. He made a decided hit, and the newspapers of Ottawa and other cities hail him as a coming monologue star. Mr. Rogers is to be congratulated upon his success in a very difficult form of stage work. It is always interesting to see young Canadians developing dramatic talent along new lines.

Gabriel d'Annunzio, the Italian poet, has refused an offer of \$17,000 for a series of eight lectures in South America. In reply to the offer he wrote: "I have no wish to brave the ocean for a box of cigars."

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Labor had been invited to dine with Capital. "Now, you see, we are all equal," remarked Capital genially to his guest. "No-o," responded Labor doubtfully, "you have the advantage of knowing which fork to use."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

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MR. H. M. FLETCHER once more proved himself to be a most successful organizer and trainer of chorus singers at the May festival of the Toronto Sunday School Association at Massey Hall on Thursday evening of last week when a male chorus of two hundred voices sang a very attractive programme under his direction. This chorus was organized on March 19 and was composed of men attending the Sunday schools of Toronto, the majority of whom had never sung in a chorus before. And yet in less than two months Mr. Fletcher had them trained to give a decidedly good rendering of quite a number of selections of varied character, grave and gay. These singers rendered their music with plenty of fire, with surprisingly good execution and intonation, and robust massed tone. A popular hit was made with de Koven's "Old King Cole," which was enthusiastically re-demanded, and also in Gail's "Maiden With the Lips so Rosy." The chorus work in De Koven's "Recessional," tenor solo by W. F. Robinson, proved impressive and promised much for what the singers will be able to do if they are kept together. The assisting solo artists were Mrs. Le Grand Reed, soprano, who delighted the audience by her finished singing, and Miss Helen Ferguson, mezzo contralto, who revealed a voice of delightful color and quality, as well as evidences of careful training. The accompanists were Miss Jessie Perry and Miss F. Edna Fletcher, both most satisfactory.

Mr. H. F. Burt, Mus. Bac., resigned the position of choirmaster and bass soloist at Bond street Congregational church and has accepted a similar post at Bathurst street Methodist church where a quartette will be engaged and the choir re-organized.

The Methodist church, St. Mary's, has a fine new organ which was opened and dedicated on the 19th and 20th current. The whole instrument consists of three manuals and pedals and fifty stops, including couplers, disposed of as follows: The swell and pedal organs with main bellows stand in the centre, the choir organ on the west side, the great organ on the east side, with their respective reservoirs. The console is placed fifteen feet from the instrument, with the choir seated in semi-circular form, thus enabling the organist to hear the instrument to every advantage and exercise perfect control over the choir. The latest electro-pneumatic action is applied to the whole organ. The pitch is the international. The organ was opened by Mr. Frederick Thomas, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.O., who gave a fine programme of effective organ music.

Frank R. Austen, pianist, whose parents are old residents of this city, (Toronto), and who studied four years under J. D. A. Tripp, and about three years ago returned from a season of study in Berlin, Germany, has permanently located in Vancouver, B.C., where he is teaching. On Tuesday evening, May 7, last, Mr. Austen gave a most successful pianoforte recital, assisted by Miss Ella Walker, well known to Toronto audiences. The hall, which will seat about 800 people was packed to the doors and many stood throughout the whole performance. It was Mr. Austen's first appearance before a Vancouver audience and his reception was most cordial and enthusiastic. Each and every number of the programme was warmly applauded and encores or calls for a repetition of the number was a frequent occurrence. This success throws Mr. Austen right to the front as a pianist and teacher in this city and assures him a successful career in his professional life. It will be gratifying to his many Toronto friends to learn that he is so prominent as a musician in the far west.

This evening, 25th inst., at 8.15 o'clock, the pupils of Mr. Rechab Tandy will give a vocal recital in the hall of the Conservatory of Music. Mr. Tandy will sing numbers by Rossini, Allitsen, Liddle and Simson.

Mr. Philip H. Goepf has an interesting article in the Etude on summer music in Europe and America. In Germany, during the Wagner and Mozart festival at Bayreuth, Munich, Salzburg, and elsewhere, serious music is offered, but at the numerous summer concerts, usually to an accompaniment of clattering plates and mugs, a different atmosphere prevails. "At first it is indeed bewildering to the American tourist to find this consistent and universal lightness, to use a mild word, of the programme of the summer concert in Germany. He

has come to the chosen land of music to find—his own Sousa more prevalent than at home. The German seems to take a complete holiday from serious orchestral music in summer time, far more so than the Englishman or the American." In London, Mr. Goepf found, at the promenade concerts given in Queen's Hall by Mr. Wood, some very popular music, but it was always preceded by a symphony and other serious music. "The Englishman, if he does not produce in striking degree, has certainly an insatiable appetite for the best in music." In Philadelphia, Mr. Goepf continues, "we have better daily orchestral concerts in summer than anywhere in the classic land of music; no eating or drinking is purveyed to the thronging audience that sits in rapt attention. To be sure, Philadelphia is here ahead of her American sister cities; and this is but another sign of real progress in the best things." A plausible explanation of the German summer attitude is offered, as follows:

And yet the element of satiety with the master-works, of revulsion to mere amusement, is not the whole story. A better explanation lies in the military policy of the government. Virtually all summer music is provided by the regular army bands, whether in the garden or in the "Keller." There the "Kapellen" of the various regiments are in full control. The plan is double benefit from the military side. Not only are the men enabled to earn a comfortable living (as long as they are actually enrolled), but the army itself maintains a certain hold upon the people.

But the band has almost driven away the orchestra. There are really no symphony concerts in summer in Germany. In Hanover they may announce a Sinfonisches Konzert on special days in the Tivoli Garden; but there is no complete symphony; at best there are two movements. To be sure, we must not forget the fact that horns are naturally outdoor instruments, and strings are not. Sometimes there may be two stands, at opposite ends of the garden, where a band will alternate with an orchestra.

And yet, lacking as these summer concerts are in seriousness, they are very agreeable from a lesser standpoint. The playing is always good; moreover, one hears a certain kind of music that with all its excellence has no other opportunity. Many old favorites are here saved from a cruel and premature oblivion. Here Von Suppe still holds a sway, and Flotow and Adam an inspiring novice, who may not set the Rhine on fire, is given a hearing.

Dr. F. H. Torrington was given a warm-hearted reception at his testimonial concert on Tuesday evening in the Metropolitan church, by an audience of some fifteen hundred people, and further evidence was afforded of the esteem in which he is held by the musical community in the fact that representative leaders of the professional talent of the city contributed their services in supplying the programme.

gramme. Miss Eileen Millett, the gifted Canadian soprano, came here specially to sing for her former teacher. The selections were of a high order of merit but eminently popular, embracing such excerpts as the "Inflammatus," from the "Stabat Mater," with soprano solo by Miss Millett, the duet, "Graceful Consort," from the "Creation," by Leonora James Kennedy and H. Ruthven Macdonald, Handel's "O had I Jubal's Lyre," by Alvena M. Springer, "In Native Worth" from "The Creation," by J. M. Sherlock, "With Verdure Clad" from the "Creation," by Leonora James Kennedy; "Rolling in Foaming Billows," from the same oratorio by H. Ruthven Macdonald; "Hear ye Israel" from the "Elijah," by Miss Millett; quartettes by Beethoven, Rossini, and organ solos played by Albert D. Jordan of London, Ont. All the artists put forward their best efforts for the occasion and were rewarded by most appreciative applause. Special mention may be made, however, of Mr. Arthur Blight, who sang most feelingly and in splendid voice Dubois' "Lord my God," his rendering being truly impressive; and of Mr. Sherlock who received a demonstration for his rendering of "In Native Worth." Mrs. Grace Carter-Merry sang in the quartettes but did not contribute a solo.

Miss Bessie Smith has accepted the position of solo singer at St. Paul's church, Hamilton, and Miss Frances Edwards that of solo singer at Sydenham street Methodist church, Kingston. These talented young ladies, who are pupils of Miss Ethel Shepherd of Toronto, will receive good salaries, the positions being of importance.

On Thursday evening, May 9, a most successful recital was given at the Toronto College of Music by Miss Margaret Casey, one of Dr. Torrington's advanced vocal pupils. Miss Casey possesses a sympathetic and effective voice. She showed the results of earnest study, displaying ability to render efficiently her varied and exacting programme. Miss Casey was assisted by Miss Dollie Blair, pianist, also a pupil of Dr. Torrington, who played with her usual skill. Mr. F. C. Smith also took part in the programme, playing in his effective style. Following is the programme: (Vocal) Torrington, "Abide with Me;" Handel, "I know that My Redeemer Liveth" (Messiah); Handel, "O had I Jubal's Lyre" (Joshua); Wagner, "Elsa's Dream" (Lohengrin); Costa, "I will Extol Thee" (Eli); Pattison, "Patti Waltz;" Verdi, "Ernani, Ernani Involami" (Ernani); Wagner, "Elizabeth's Prayer" (Tannhauser); Herold, "Air d'Isabelle" (Pre aux clercs); Violin Obligato, F. C. Smith; (Piano) Chopin, Polonaise, Opus 53; Liszt, Rhapsodie No. 6; Chopin, "Waltz in A flat;" (Violin), Schubert-Wilhelmj, "Ave Maria."

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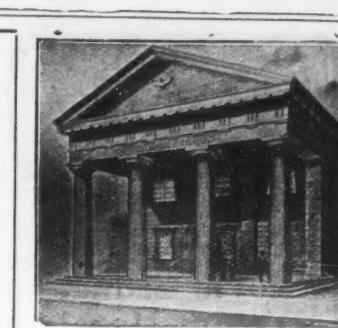
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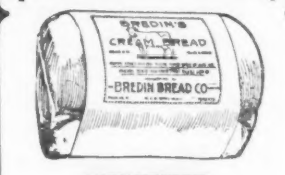
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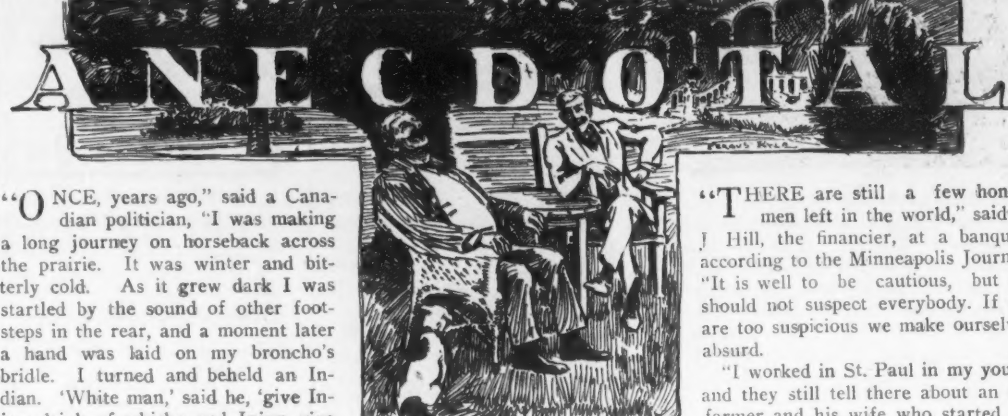
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"ONCE, years ago," said a Canadian politician, "I was making a long journey on horseback across the prairie. It was winter and bitterly cold. As it grew dark I was startled by the sound of other footsteps in the rear, and a moment later a hand was laid on my broncho's bridle. I turned and beheld an Indian. 'White man,' said he, 'give Injun drink of whiskey and Injun give white man blanket.' Think of it, gentlemen—think of this wild, free, untamed child of nature ready to barter his warm blanket for a single mouthful of strong drink! It was awful. I shook my head and urged my broncho on faster. But the Indian again spurred alongside and cried, 'If white man give Injun drink, Injun give white man saddle and blanket.' Oh, my friends, such depravity was terrible! But it was not all. When I refused, he offered his blanket, saddle and horse for a single drink of whisky."

At this a rough man in the audience could restrain himself no longer. "Well," he cried, "why didn't you give him a drink of whisky?"

"What!" thundered the orator. "Give that blamed Cree a drink of whisky, and me with thirty miles to go and only half a pint!"

THE other day a wealthy Birmingham manufacturer was showing one of his partner's friends over his extensive workshops. Taking up a beautifully-turned screw he held it before the visitor with the remark, "Fine piece of work, isn't it?"

"Yes," admitted the other, "very fine; but you can't hold a candle to the goods we turn out in the South."

"Oh," said the other in surprise, "what's your line?"

"Gunpowder."

J. G. PHELPS STOKES spoke with good-humored regret at a dinner in New York of a charity that had failed. "But it failed through its own fault," said Mr. Stokes. "It failed because it was mistaken. It suggests to me an experience of a friend of mine in Ireland. My friend, at about this season last year, was motoring through a remote region of Ireland, and one day he came upon a poor old woman seated with all her humble furniture about her in the middle of the road before her little cabin. My friend was profoundly moved. Here before his very eyes an eviction, a real Irish eviction was taking place. He got out of his car and gave the old woman a £5 note.

"Tell me," he said, "what is the trouble, my poor friend?"

"Bobbing and courtesying her gratitude, the old woman replied: 'Sure, sir, me ould man's whitewashin'."

IAN MACLAREN was once talking to a group of literary beginners in New York. "Begin your stories well," he said, emphatically. "There's nothing like a good beginning. Indeed, it's half the battle."

Then, with a smile, this excellent beginner of stories added: "Always bear in mind the case of the young man who, desiring to marry, secured a favorable hearing from his sweetheart's irascible father by opening the interview with the words: 'I know a way, sir, whereby you can save money.'"

AN old admiral, well known for his powers of exaggeration, was at supper one night describing a voyage.

"While cruising in the Pacific," said he, "we passed an island which was positively red with lobsters."

"But," said one of the guests, smiling incredulously, "lobsters are not red until boiled."

"Of course not," replied the undaunted admiral; "but this was a volcanic island with boiling springs."

HUGH PENDEXTER, author of that book of droll and unique humor, "Tiberius Smith," which was published this month by the Harpers, finds that the way of the humorous transgressor is sometimes hard.

On the publication of his book he at once sent a copy to a dear old lady in his native state, Maine, who has known him since he was a child and has always felt an interest in his welfare.

But, alas! the dear old lady takes humor all too literally. She read Pendexter's delightful account of discovering the town in Vermont whose inhabitants didn't know that the Civil War was over, and this part of the book especially jarred her, whereupon she wrote to him:

"That part of your book is a lie from beginning to end, and so I fear that other parts must be also. Hugh, I am disappointed in you. I asked father to read about that town, too, and he agrees with me that it isn't so. I hadn't ever expected you to write anything that isn't true. Why, there never was any such a town as that or any such people, and you can't make me believe there was."

Pendexter is vainly trying, now, to win back his old friend's respect.

ONE morning when Rufus Choate was still in England his clerk informed him that a gentleman had called and wanted him to undertake a case.

"Ah! and did you collect the regular retaining fee?"

"I only collected twenty-five guineas, sir."

The regular fee was fifty guineas, and Mr. Choate said: "But that was unprofessional; yes, very unprofessional!"

"But, sir," said the clerk, apologetically, and anxious to exonerate himself from the charge, "I got all he had."

"Ah!" said Mr. Choate, with a different expression, "that was professional; yes, quite professional!"

A WELL-KNOWN baritone, who very much resented being accompanied so indifferently, completely lost his temper at rehearsal and threatened the professor that if he played for him like that at performance he would jump on the keyboard and smash it.

"Ach!" said the professor in no wise disturbed, "dat is a gut idea. If you promise to do it I will advertise it, and I am sure more beoble vill komm to see you shump as vill come to hear your sing."

"ONE wretched, blustery day," said a Pittsburg iron man, "I had a cap with ear-tabs on when I met Mr. Carnegie on the street. He joked me about my ear-tabs. He said there was an old Scot who always used to curl—you know the game—in ear-tabs, but one bitter day he appeared on the ice minus the tabs, and a friend said:

"Hullo, whaur's yer auld lug-warmers?"

"Oh," was the reply, 'I've never worn them since my accident.'

"Accident! What accident?"

"A man offered me a drink an' wi' the dashed flaps I didna hear him."

THE president of the faculty of a medical college once addressed a graduating class with reference to the necessity of cultivating the quality of patience in their professional as well as in their domestic relations.

"THERE are still a few honest men left in the world," said J. J. Hill, the financier, at a banquet, according to the Minneapolis Journal. "It is well to be cautious, but we should not suspect everybody. If we are too suspicious we make ourselves absurd."

"I worked in St. Paul in my youth, and they still tell there about an old farmer and his wife who started for St. Paul on a visit."

"Before the couple set off they were cautioned frequently by their friends to beware of the St. Paul sharpers. They replied that they would keep their eyes open. And they started on their journey with a nervous determination to look out for sharpers and confidence men."

"Well, on the way the old farmer got off at a junction to buy some lunch, and the train went off without him. It was a terrible mishap. The last he saw of his wife she was craning out of the car window, shouting something reproachful at him which he couldn't hear on account of the noise of the train."

"It happened that an express came along a few minutes later. The old farmer boarded the express and beat his wife to St. Paul by nearly an hour."

"He was waiting for her at the station when she arrived. He ran up to her and seized the valise."

"Well, Jane," he said, 'I'm glad to see ye again. I thought we was separated for good.'

"But the old lady jerked the valise from him indignantly."

"No, ye don't. Mr. Sharper," she cried, 'I left my husband at the junction. Don't be comin' any of yer confidence tricks on me or I'll call a policeman.'"

REAR-ADMIRAL MEAD, at a dinner at the Portsmouth Navy Yard, illuminated with a story an interesting discourse on food inspection.

"A sailor," he said, "brought a tin cup to an inspecting officer and exclaimed: 'Taste this, sir. That is all I ask. Just taste it.'"

"The officer took a sip. 'Well, really, my man,' he said, 'this is not bad soup at all.'"

"Yes," said the sailor, bitterly, 'and yet they want to persuade us, sir, that it's tea.'"

DR. SEWARD WEBB, at a dinner, said of a certain poor marksman: "Visiting his English brother-in-law, he shot the head keeper in the leg the first morning he tried pheasant shooting. The man limped away, cursing horribly. Next day he had wretched luck, though the wounded head keeper without malice had assigned him to a fairly good place. Bang, bang, bang, went his gun every few seconds, but not a bird fell before it. He was much embarrassed. It seemed, too, that at each of his misses the under keepers smiled at one another oddly. Finally his cartridges gave out. He hurried to the nearest keeper and demanded more."

"There ain't no more, sir," the man answered.

"No more? Nonsense. Why, you've got at least one thousand in that box."

The keeper flushed and stammered. "Ah, but them ain't for you, sir. They're for another gent. They've got shot in 'em, sir."

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"Father, here's your rat-trap." Then they turned and went out.

THE story is told that, during the American Civil War, a large body of Northern soldiers were marching through the South, when one day they saw an old woman hanging clothes on a line. A soldier, who needed a pair of socks, took a pair from the line.

"You will have to pay for them," she said.

The soldier asked her when. She said: "On judgment day."

"Oh, if you are going to trust me that long, I will take another pair," the soldier replied, helping himself.

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## Autos and Autoists

Happenings of Interest in the Motor World.

THE Pekin to Paris race, which starts from Pekin on June 10, will easily eclipse any feat of endurance which motorists have hitherto essayed. It simply bristles with possibilities, for most of the route lies through vast tracts which have never yet seen a motor, and are inhabited by peoples who will look upon the "foreign devils" with no friendly eye. The course lies through Mongolia, the Desert of Gobi, through the Ural Mountains, and thence, via Moscow, Posen, Berlin, and Cologne, to Paris. Everything, short of building roads, that the government of the Tzar can do to facilitate progress is being arranged. Cars and supplies for the chauffeurs are to be exempt from customs duties, while the French Ambassador at St. Petersburg is informed that free passages will be granted on the Trans-Siberian railroads to the drivers. The distance on paper is 6,200 miles, but, considering that over a great part of the race there is nothing which could, even allowing every latitude, be called a road, and that, even where there are "roads," they are simply heavy tracks, wallowing, at this season, in mire and mud, any cars which land safe and sound at Paris will have accomplished a feat indeed.

Probably the petrol will present the greatest difficulty, though the tyres will cause anxiety to those who break down thousands of miles from any repair-shop. The competitors will need, on an average, about 500 gallons of petrol. No British cars have entered—a fact which the English papers regret. On the other hand, a scion of the noble Roman family of Borghese—Prince Scipio—has entered an Italian car, and has already started en route to Pekin. He is going to make a bold bid for victory. With him sailed, a fortnight ago, several other competitors, and the remainder will travel via the Trans-Siberian route. There is an idea, says the London Standard, that the cars might beat the railway, but since the fastest time recorded of a journey between Paris and Pekin has been about twelve days, it would mean over 500 miles a day, or an average of 21 miles an hour day and night, excluding stoppages. Such a feat would be next to impossible, even if the roads were good, says the London Bystander. If any competitor finishes up on the right side of thirty days it will be a great achievement; but it is expected that few of the competitors will have much further inclination for the race by the time they have lost their way a few times in the Gobi Desert. It is a sporting race in every way.

The pursuit of automobilism has officially been raised to kingly consequence, declares the Providence Journal. King Edward of England, it writes, has authorized the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland to prefix "Royal" to its title. To celebrate the new dignity the club has been casting about for suggestions for a unique contest. "What is sorely wanted," we read in The Journal "is something that shall bear the stamp of a distinct difference from anything heretofore attempted." The suggestion of one of the members has evidently hit it. We read:

This suggestion is that an endowment for an annual prize be created, the prize to be awarded "to the motorist who in the course of the year does the most distinguished humanitarian service to his fellow men." The idea is capital. A distinguished service reward is of itself no mean thing. Such service rendered to one's fellow men evidently exalts the idea. And the factor of humanitarianism elevates it to the very loftiest altitude. The purpose in its entirety applied to the automobilist, signifies something approaching positive grandeur of achievement. Pessimistic contemplation of the phenomena of a noble sport and pastime that has won world-wide favor might suggest that the most distinguished humanitarian service that any motorist could render his fellow men would be to cease to exist. But the suggestion of the award evidently contemplates that such humane service shall be performed while the winner remains an automobilist, and indeed that it shall be a collateral incident of automobilism. The very difficulties apparent in reconciling humanitarianism with the automobile may well be calculated to enhance the value and importance of the trophy.

Undoubtedly, as the author of the suggestion points out, the striving for such a prize would contribute greatly to remove whatever small prejudice may exist against automobiles on the part of persons whose only interest in them is, perforce, to

keep out of their way. If the prize were substantial enough to give the idea deep root and encourage its spreading, it would of course tend to restraint on the part of drivers of machines throughout the sphere of influence of the Royal Automobile Club; though it is conceivable that there might also follow a sacrifice of much relishable excitement in the sport, and the newspapers would be denied many delectably gory items. That automobilism would survive, however, even so debilitating a process as any generally diffused purpose to win such a prize would probably effect, there need be no fear among genuine lovers of the sport.

That automobilists have to be careful was shown in France the other day when, as the result of an action against the Comte de Noailles and his chauffeur, who had fatally injured Colonel Croizet, the two were fined \$16,000 for the widow, and \$6,000 for each of the four children; \$40,000 in all, besides legal expenses.

The Car has this to say regarding speed mania: Just as there are some persons upon whom even one glass of wine exercises an exciting and stimulating effect, so there are human beings upon whom speeds at all high produce a craving for rapid motion. The best drivers, both amateur and professional, that I have known in an experience extending over ten years have either never given way to speed mania or have cured themselves of it.

The first automobile for the carrying of mail in British Columbia was given its initial run between Vernon and Kelowna, in the Okanagan Valley, last week, and the newspapers of the province note that the affair was attended by all the ceremonies which such an event deserved. It was a gala day for Vernon and Kelowna, and the populations of both places were high in their praise of the rapid and efficient service. His Worship Mayor Magaw and Mr. G. A. Henderson, manager of the Okanagan branch of the Bank of Montreal, rode in the auto on its trip, and delivered the first letter from Vernon to Kelowna. The mail carrying car is of 16 horse-power. The distance between Vernon and Kelowna is 35 miles, and one trip each way will be made daily.

She of '07—Now that you are through, do you honestly believe that a college education has helped you? He of '06—Helped me! Well, yesterday I signed a contract to coach the Montbraska University football team for a period of five years.—Puck.

"April," remarked the sentimental maid, "is my favorite month. I wish it would last forever."  
"Same here," rejoined the practical young man. "I have a note coming due the first of May."—Chicago News.

Tommy—Pop, was writing done on tablets of stone in the old days?  
Tommy's Pop—Yes, my son.  
Tommy—Gee! It must have taken a crowbar to break the news.—Philadelphia Record.

## FEEDING FOR HEALTH.

DIRECTIONS BY A FOOD EXPERT.

A complete change in food makes a complete change in the body. Therefore if you are ailing in any way, the surest road back to health is to change your diet. Try the following breakfast for ten days and mark the result:

Two soft boiled eggs (If you have a weak stomach boil the eggs as follows: put two eggs into a pint tin cup of boiling water, cover and set off the stove. Take out in nine minutes; the whites will be the consistency of cream and partly digested. Don't change the directions in any particular), some fruit, cooked or raw, cooked preferred, a slice of toast, a little butter, four heaping teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts with some cream, a cup of properly boiled Postum Food Coffee.

The Grape-Nuts breakfast food is fully and scientifically cooked at the factory, and both that and the Postum have the diastase (that which digests the starchy part) developed in the manufacture. Both the food and the coffee, therefore, are predigested and assist, in a natural way, to digest the balance of the food. Lunch at noon the same.

For dinner in the evening use meat and one or two vegetables. Leave out the fancy desserts. Never over-eat. Better a little less than too much.

If you can use health as a means to gain success in business or in a profession it is well worth the time and attention required to arrange your diet to accomplish the result. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

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Celebrated Specialties—the Purest and Most Wholesome Obtainable

**Gilbey's "London Dry"**  
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Know ye, Good People, there is but one Worcestershire—with which ye best efforts of ye Cook and ye Chemist cannot compare.

By Royal Warrant, served on ye Tables of Royalty.

Eat it with your Dinners—and beware ye of substitutes.

**Lea & Perrins'**  
The only Original and Genuine Worcestershire  
Sauce  
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**WALL PAPERS**

**"MENZIE LINE" WALL PAPERS ASK TO SEE THEM**



Purity Brilliancy and Uniformity  
Found in  
**CARLINGS**  
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YOU NEED NOT FEAR THE COMING OF SPRING IF YOU USE

**SHREDDED WHEAT**

Its strength-giving, muscle-building properties fortify the system against the dangers that lurk in flake spring weather. Keeps the bowels healthy and active.

Ready to Serve. BISCUIT for Breakfast; TRISCUIT for Toast.  
All Grocers—13c. a Carton; 2 for 25c.



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## MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

(HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.)

JANUARY, 1907

<b>ASSETS</b>	-	-	<b>\$10,385,540</b>
Increase over previous year, \$1,087,448			
<b>Reserve</b>	-	-	<b>\$9,053,332</b>
Increase over previous year, \$843,268			
<b>Income</b>	-	-	<b>\$2,072,423</b>
Increase over previous year, \$115,905			
<b>Surplus</b> (4%, 3½%, 3%)	-	-	<b>\$1,203,378</b>
Increase over previous year, \$251,377			
<b>Insurance in force</b>	-	-	<b>\$46,912,407</b>
Increase over previous year, \$2,712,453			
<b>Decrease in Expenses</b>	-	-	<b>\$12,224</b>

## "SOVEREIGN" Hot Water Boilers

If you have never lived in a house that was comfortably and economically heated, it is evident you have had no experience with the "SOVEREIGN."

10% As a successful design of hot water boiler, the "SOVEREIGN" adds ten to fifteen per cent. to the selling value of any house in which it is installed.

Benefits not to be forgot:

Q Warm air furnaces discharge dust and gas through the house—to spoil the furniture and carpets, and irritate the lungs. Q The warm air system never heats the house evenly. The rooms on "the exposed side" cannot be kept warm. Q At the end of the season the warm air furnace has saved nothing on your coal bill. Q The "Sovereign" is dustless and gasless. Q It warms every part of the house uniformly. Q It excels all other hot water boilers in several features enumerated in the booklet, "Simplified Heating." Q Write for it.

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Once you decide to go we make the rest easy, and our booklet "Tourist Topics" tells about our service.

We can furnish a chart of the trip, tent, blankets, utensils, stove, provisions, and the bait for fishing.

There are many excellent canoe trips in Ontario.

We have charts of over a score of them; carefully prepared private drawings of unfrequented routes through wild and beautiful country. We furnish blue print copies at reasonable prices.

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And we have a book entitled "Camping and Canoeing," which describes some of the routes, and gives campers much other valuable information. The price is 50c.

A complete little Campers' Manual of useful information - 10c.

Map of Muskoka Lakes - 75c.

Map of the Northern Lakes of Ontario - 75c.

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Campers' Supplies.

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(One block east of Bathurst)

When a stowaway is found on an ocean steamer he is immediately set to work to pay for his passage. One such was recently discovered in the hold of the Mediterranean liner Cretic, and was ordered to the galley, where the cook found plenty to keep him out of mischief. A lady on a tour of inspection paused near the stowaway as he sat busily peeling potatoes. "How soon do you think we'll reach Naples?" "Well, madam," he replied, cheerfully, "I'm doing all I can to get her in by Tuesday."—Woman's Home Companion.

Maggie—"Say, Mayme, what's a manicure parlor?" Mayme—"Oh, that's the swell name for a hand-laundry."—Harper's Weekly.

## The Chorus Girl's Lament.

It worries me to beat the band  
To hear folks say our lives is grand;  
Wish they'd try some one night stand  
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

Nothin' ever seems to suit—  
The manager's an awful brute;  
Spend our lives jest lookin' cute;  
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

Met a boy last Tuesday night,  
Was spendin' money left and right—  
Me? Gee! I couldn't eat a bite!  
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

Then I met another guy—  
Hungry? Well I thought I'd die!  
But I couldn't make him buy,  
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

Lots of men has called me dear,  
Said without me life was drear;  
But men is all so insincere!  
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

I tell you life is mighty hard,  
I've had proposals by the yard—  
Some of 'em would 'a had me starved  
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

—Los Angeles Graphic.

"They were just coming out of Wyndham's Theatre after seeing a performance of that most laughable play, "When Knights Were Bold."

"Oh George," sighed the romantic maid, "how I wish you were one of the old-time knights, so that you could do something brave to show your love for me."

"What more do you want?" asked George. "Haven't I agreed to marry you, and me only getting \$12 a week."—The Tatler.

Huxley was once talking to Sir William Gull about the healing power of Nature. "Stuff!" said Gull, "nine times out of ten Nature does not want to cure the man. She wants to put him in his coffin."—Argonaut.

## THOUGHTS OF THE SEASIDE.

Residents of town and city are now thinking of their summer outing and those who live in the busy inland centres generally turn their attention to the seashore. To those who are undecided, Cushing's Island, Casco Bay, near Portland, Me., is recommended. Two and one-half miles from the city of Portland, it is a combination of seashore and country, on one side the broad ocean and on the other a magnificent view of Portland Harbor. The Ottawa House, well known for several years is situated here, and with the cottages in connection, accommodates 250 guests. It has been thoroughly renovated and refurnished. The sanitary arrangements are perfect, house lighted with electricity, water supply secured from an artesian well that is equal to any of the famous springs throughout the state of Maine. Hotel under management of Messrs. Boyce and Hatfield, two experienced hotel managers.

All information, booklets, etc., may be secured on application to J. D. McDonald, Union Station, Toronto, Ont.

## The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

BIRTHS.

ANDERSON—Toronto, May 17, 1907, to Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Anderson, a son.

JAFFRAY—Wuchow, South China, May 15, 1907, a daughter to Rev. Robert A. and Mrs. Jaffray.

SWAISLAND—At Edmonton, Alta., on the 10th of May, to Mr. and Mrs. George Wilnot Swaisland, a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

SMILY-POWELL—On Saturday, May 18, 1907, at Trinity Methodist church, Toronto, by the Rev. Dr. W. S. Griffin, assisted by Rev. Dr. W. F. Wilson, pastor of the church, Ethel Lillian, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Powell, to Owen Arthur Snelly, all of Toronto.

ROBINSON-EVANS—On Wednesday, May 15, 1907, at the home of the bride's mother, by the Rev. C. E. McIntyre, Mabel Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Evans, Lorne avenue, Brandon, to I. A. Robinson, Villa Louise, Brandon.

GOLDMAN-ANSLEY—New York, N.Y., May 11, 1907, Mrs. Ansley, formerly Celina Kingan Leggat of Montreal, to C. E. A. Goldman of Toronto.

## DEATHS.

McKEE—At 236 Hallam street, Toronto, on May 18, 1907, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McKee.

WILSON—May 16, 1907, James Wilson, Toronto.

ROGER—Peterborough, May 20, 1907, Isabel Roger.

COTTER—Hamilton, May 20, 1907, George Sackville Cotter, in his 78th year.

SUTHERLAND—Montreal, May 20, 1907, Louis Sutherland.



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"The Piano anyone can Play."

The introduction of the Autonola into a home transforms that home from a place where music is seldom heard to one in which music—all the compositions of the centuries—is at the command of every member of the family, for every one becomes a performer. The Bell Player-piano actually means that every person can play, and play easily and well, music of every description.

Not only is this a magnificent piano for playing with the aid of music-rolls and treadles, but it is an exquisitely beautiful instrument of the regular character as well. It can be played by hand in the usual way, and the change from one form to another is merely a matter of sliding treadles into the case, and pulling the spool box panel. The Bell Playerpiano is thus in reality TWO PIANOS IN ONE.

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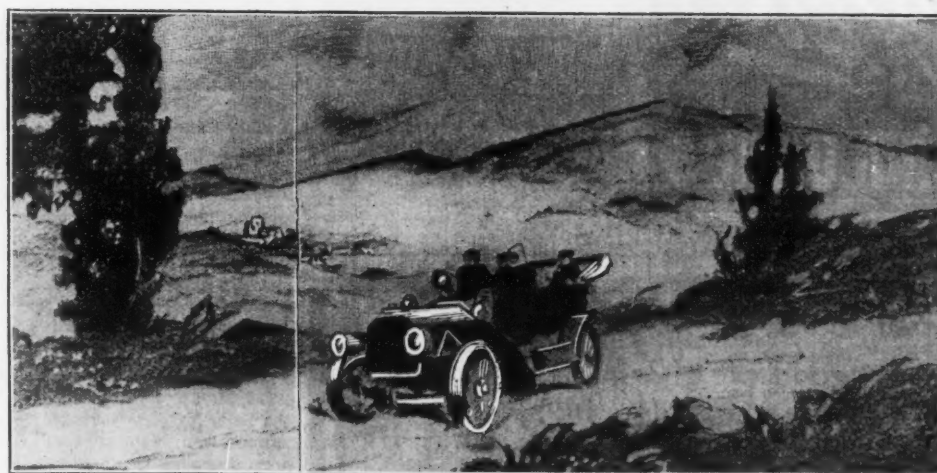
We take your old piano in exchange as part payment at a valuation that our representative will be pleased to make you. On receipt of a postal card or telephone message he will be pleased to call day or evening. Or we would be glad to have you visit our warerooms and play this marvellous instrument for yourself. You can select your music from a collection of two thousand rolls, which we have on hand in our music library.

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THERE are many who can easily afford the first cost of a motor car, and who enjoy the exhilaration of the sport, but who are deterred by reports of the appalling cost of maintenance. While the continuous drain upon the purse may be true of the average car, the CADILLAC has been proven to cost practically nothing for upkeep beyond the fuel and lubricants.

The average man CAN own a CADILLAC and CAN afford to maintain it. Its cost of upkeep will be lower than you ever thought would keep a car in perfect condition.

The Cadillac has always been the car that does things. Whether the test be that of endurance or power, or one of severity of road service, this wonderful machine has never been found wanting. It knows no balk, no hesitancy, no delay—always ready, with energy to spare.

By this dependability of service, coupled with unusual economy of maintenance, the Cadillac has made such phenomenal advancement that its factory is now the largest of its kind in the world.

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Most tailors ask \$25 for this fine Serge Suit, but the Semi-ready Tailoring Houses all sell it for \$20. One gains \$5 clear profit, and gets a better tailored garment than most tailors can make for less than \$30.



Double or Single-breasted Sack Suits in finest Blunso Serge, either black or navy blue shades, all styles and physique types—finished to fit any man in two hours after trying on—one price at all Semi-ready stores in Canada—\$20.

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## What a Boy Does



with his time is unimportant as long as he is healthfully employed. Part of a boy's spare time can profitably be given to forming helpful acquaintances and acquiring a knowledge of the elements of business. Many boys educate themselves or help their finances by pushing the circulation of a live journal like

**Toronto Saturday Night**

It offers a good field to an active, enterprising and polite boy in any town in Canada. We have still some vacancies on our staff of agents, especially in the new provinces out west. Boys who can furnish recommendations preferred.

Write or call on Circulation Manager.

**TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT**  
26-28 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

### A Bribery Story.

ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER, author of "Mr. Barnes of New York," had a keen sense of honor. Bribery of any sort was very distasteful to him. He told a bribery story in the presence of a theatrical manager whose eulogistic reviews in the press were thought to be due in one or two cases to "palm oil." He said there was an old railway watchman who was overfond of whisky. One cold and stormy night the watchman found a tramp in a warm box-car, and sternly ordered him to be off. The tramp begged and pleaded. In vain. The watchman knew his duty and would perform it. So the tramp rose from his comfortable corner and slowly and sadly pinned up the collar of his thin coat as some protection against the storm.

"All right, boss," he said, "I'll go if I must. You've got to do your duty." Then he pulled a pint flask from his hip pocket. "To show there's no ill-

feeling," he added, "take a swig of this."

The watchman's hard eyes softened and lit up, and as he stretched out an eager hand he said smilingly: "Sit down, man. Ye didn't think I was in earnest, did ye?"

UNCLE EPH was before the court on the same old charge. After the evidence was all in, the judge, with a perplexed look, said, "But I cannot comprehend, Ephraim, how it was possible for you to steal those chickens when they were roosting right under the owner's window, and there were two vicious dogs in the yard."

"It wouldn't do you a bit of good, judge, for me to 'splain how I catched 'em," said Eph, solemnly; "you couldn't do it if yer tried forty times, and yer might get a hide full of buckshot de bery fust time yer put yer leg over de fence. De bes' way for yer to do, judge, is fer yer to buy yer chickens in de market."

## Society at the Capital

THE principal social event of the past week was the large and delightfully arranged garden party given on Wednesday by the president of the Royal Society, Prof. Saunders, and his charming wife, at the Experimental Farm, for the special entertainment of the various visiting members of this interesting society, who are attending its yearly meeting in Ottawa. Although given earlier in the season than usual, the afternoon selected for the event proved to be one of the very few warm days we have had this month and everyone came in their daintiest summer attire. Dr. Mrs. and Miss Muriel Saunders received the many guests on the beautifully kept lawn, the hostess most becomingly gowned in pale grey eolienne with lots of white lace, and her daughter wearing a very smart toilette of this spring's newest shade of apricot, with a large hat with roses and plumes. Mrs. Charles Saunders assisted in taking some of the arduous task off the hostess' hands in looking after the comfort of the two hundred and fifty guests, and was prettily gowned in blue and white organdy with a large hat trimmed with white chrysanthemums. It was a general re-union of old friends, who chatted together seated on the numerous chairs dotted about the lawns, or wandered about admiring the beautifully laid out grounds in their fresh spring greenness, or the magnificent view of the Laurentian hills in the distance, or were shown through the interesting observatory. A large marquee, erected on the lawn, contained a buffet laden with the most appetizing refreshments, and a staff of active waiters were in attendance. Dr. Saunders' residence was thrown open and would have furnished a most acceptable retreat in case of rain, which threatened earlier in the day to make the party an indoor affair. The large and artistically furnished rooms were further beautified by the addition of myriads of the most beautifully tinted tulips, palms, ferns, etc. Among the distinguished guests from out of town were noticed: Prof. Ramsay Wright, Dr. McCullum, Prof. McLennan, Prof. Lash Miller, Mr. Lighthall of Toronto, Dr. Bethune of Guelph, Dr. Rutten, Dr. and Mrs. Adams, L'Abbe Roy of Laval, Prof. Evans, Prof. Penhallow, Prof. McLeod, Prof. Cox of McGill University of Montreal, Miss Hurlburt of Victoria College, Montreal, Prof. Coyne of Kingston and many others, besides all our own leading hosts and hostesses, with a generous sprinkling of the younger members of the fair sex.

Mrs. F. W. Chrysler, on Thursday afternoon entertained at the tea-hour, in special honor of her daughter, Mrs. E. W. McBride (wife of Prof. McBride of Montreal), who received with her mother and was prettily gowned in violet muslin elaborately trimmed with valenciennes lace and insertion. Mrs. Chrysler's gown was a lovely one of soft pearl grey liberty silk and Miss Daisy Chrysler was in white net over white taffeta. Pink roses were artistically arranged about the drawing-room and in the dining-room the tea-room was bright with yellow daffodils and marguerites, where Mrs. Clarence Burritt and Miss Harriette Stewart poured the tea and coffee, and Miss Morna Brown-Wallis, Miss Dorothy Fletcher, Miss Claire Oliver and Miss Alice Bell made a quartette of most useful and attractive assistants. During the afternoon Mrs. A. D. Cartwright delighted the guests, who numbered fully a hundred, with some charming piano solos, and Miss Chrysler also contributed.

Mrs. Godfrey B. Greene (nee Toller) held her post-nuptial reception on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week, at the residence of Mrs. Greene's parents in Primrose avenue. Mrs. Greene, Sr., and Mrs. Toller received with the bride, who looked extremely pretty in a becoming gown of palest grey crepe de chene trimmed with embroidered medallions. Mrs. Greene, Sr., wore a pretty mauve costume and Mrs. Toller was in black embroidered and jetted crepe de chine over white silk, with handsome lace. Daffodils were abundant in the drawing-room and in the tea-room adjoining bright red carnations made a pretty table centerpiece. Mrs. Charles Brennan, Miss Laura Toller, Miss Marion Lindsay and Miss Helen Coulter, the two latter in their very pretty bridesmaid finery, dispensed tea and dainty edibles to the visitors who came in large numbers on both afternoons. Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Greene are moving very shortly to the pretty new residence being built for them, and now near completion, in Primrose avenue.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, May 20, 1907.

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### HANDSOME SUITS — FOR FASHIONABLE WOMEN — MUCH UNDER PRICE



The variety of Women's beautifully made, fashionably modelled Suits to be seen in our showrooms is broad enough to embrace almost every idea that the fashionably inclined woman could be possessed of. The materials include Panamas, Plain Voiles, Wool Batistes, Fancy Voiles, and Fancy French types, in every conceivable weave. The styles include dressy Etons, jaunty semi-fitted jacket styles, the New Vassar models, and the smart bolero effects. Quite an array of interesting features, don't you think? Next in interest are the present selling prices. These average a third below the regular figures. Of course, it's getting late, this accounts in a measure for our willingness to part with these handsome Suits underprice.

\$100.00 Suits selling for	..	..	..	\$65.00
85.00 Suits selling for	..	..	..	60.00
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## GERHARD HEINTZMAN PIANOS

HOLD THE PLACE OF HONOR AS  
CANADA'S MOST ARTISTIC PIANO

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## Shakespeare's Birthday

The Remarkable Festival, extending  
over several weeks, which has recently  
been held at Stratford-on-Avon.

FOR weeks a remarkable series of celebrations have been held at Stratford-on-Avon in commemoration of Shakespeare's three hundred and forty-third birthday. The little Warwickshire town has been holding its annual festival this year, so we read in the British papers, with more elaborate accompaniments than usual. The conjectured birthday—April 23—was celebrated with a floral procession from the birthplace in Henry street to the grave in the Stratford church. As this date also marks the day of Shakespeare's death it is reported that some of those walking in the procession were in doubt as to whether they should be grave or gay. The town was profusely decorated with banners bearing heraldic and Shakespearian devices. The procession, according to the report in the London Daily News, was a "curiously picturesque sight," composed of "countrymen from the villages around, schoolboys and schoolgirls, workmen in their 'Sunday best,' silk-hatted gentlemen, and ladies in velvet and satin, marching together along the streets of the little town, carrying bunches of roses, jonquils, daisies and daffodils—all April's fragrant harvest—to be laid on the poet's tomb." In the afternoon, something of the spirit of "merrie England" was seen in the streets, as a further quotation from the Daily News will show:

"The people thronged the streets, admiring the peculiarly beautiful decorations at the town hall and the grammar school, then they repaired to the banks of the Avon to witness the performance of the specially trained band of morris-dancers, one of the popular feats of the day's celebrations. The band of morris-dancers consisted of six performers attired in blue and scarlet knee-breeches and high-pointed black hats, a fiddler, a hobby-horse, and the traditional fool in cap and bells. Among them was an intelligent-looking, quick-witted country yokel, who won much applause for the agility and grace with which he went through the various dances. Here he is known as a 'tradition' dancer, his father, grandfather and great-grandfather having been successively held in high honor at their native village for their unrivaled accomplishments in calisthenics. To the delight of the crowd the performers gave illustrations of 'The Shepherd's Play,' 'Rigs of Marlow,' and other old-time dances."

Remaining days of the celebration have witnessed outdoor sports in the daytime, varied by a concert of Shakespearian and folk songs, a Shakespeare sermon preached on Sunday by the Bishop of Derry, and a Shakespearian costume ball, with the evenings given up to performances mainly of Shakespeare plays in the Memorial theatre. At the head of the mimic part of the celebration is Mr. F. R. Benson, the man who, more than any other, has conserved the best traditions of the Shakespearian drama, and whose company has furnished the best-trained performers to the contemporary stage.

Such rarely played pieces as "Coriolanus" and "Love's Labor's Lost" were in the list of revivals. In the former that superb tragic actress of the old school, Miss Genevieve Ward, played Volturnia in a way to make the London Times doubt if even Mrs. Siddons in the part "showed more triumph than she." "Love's Labor's Lost," which has probably never been produced in America, has had but a meagre history in England, says the Literary Digest. Mme. Vestris revived it at Covent Garden in 1839, and Phelps at Sadler's Wells in 1857. One performance was given at the St. James' Theatre about twenty-five years ago. Some interesting comment is printed by the London Times on the rarity of its appearances. It says: "It is difficult to understand why the play should have been so shunned. We applaud 'The Critic,' and we roar with laughter at 'Patience'; neither of them contains a title of the humanity, the character, which the young Shakespeare contrived to put into his literary parody."

A pathetic little sketch from life, given by Mr. James Greenwood, in his "Low Life Deeps," is particularly interesting just now, when the child-labor question is so prominent. One chilly rainy day Mr. Greenwood stood by the door of a factory in England and watched the laborers go in. It was an establishment where high-grade work was done, and in it two hundred girls, from thirteen to sixteen years of age, were employed. It was pretended that no younger children were engaged, but many of

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the poor little mites could not have been more than nine or ten.

They were sharp-shouldered little things, shrunken and shrewd, with hungry eyes. It was noontime, and, therefore, a free hour. Three clean, tidy-haired little girls, were looking out of the factory gate.

"Here comes father!" cried one. "Father," was a slouching, lazy-looking man, with a short black pipe in his mouth. He had brought the children's dinner. It was not a bulky affair.

"Here, catch hold!" he called. "It's a pretty day for me to come lugging up here. Make haste and eat it up and cut away to your work."

I saw the small parcel unfolded. It contained three morsels of fried fish and three slices of bread. This being fairly divided, the three sisters retraced their steps toward the factory, eating as they went.

"Father," turned back, his great hands thrust deep into his pockets, and made haste to get home out of the disagreeable weather. He may have been unavoidably out of work, but my instinct is at fault if he was.

At the end of the noon hour two shivering little girls were late. I found them in great distress, locked out for half an hour, with the certainty of a fine. They stood, miserable and bonnetless, their dirty faces streaked with rain, and grew quite confidential with me.

Some one, for a "lark," had told them of a cookshop where might be bought enormous pennyworths of pudding left cold from yesterday. The dinner with which they were provided consisted of a slice of bread and a ha'penny apiece. These last they had made into joint stock, and had run a mile and a half to get the pudding. No such shop was to be found and the children had returned hungry, disappointed and late.

Don't you think that doctor comes oftener than he need to?" "How should I know what his needs are?" —Life.

### The Adventurers.

Over the downs in sunlight clear  
Forth we went in the spring of the year.

Plunder of April's gold we sought,  
Little of April's anger thought.

Caught in a copse without defense  
Low we crouched to the rain-squall  
dense:

Sure, if misery man can vex,  
There it beat on our bended necks.

Yet when again we wander on  
Suddenly all that gloom is gone:  
Under and over, through the wood,  
Life is astir, and life is good.

Violets purple, violets white,  
Delicate windflowers dancing light,  
Primrose, mercury, muscatel,  
Shimmer in diamonds round the dell

Squirrel is climbing swift and lithe,  
Chiff-chaff whetting his airy scythe,  
Woodpecker whirrs his rattling rap,  
Windglove flies with a sudden clap.

Rook is summoning rook to build,  
Duncock his beak with moss has filled,  
Robin is bowing in coat-tails brown,  
Tomtit chattering upside down.

Well is it seen that every one  
Laughs at the rain and loves the sun;  
We too laughed with the wildwood  
crew,  
Laughed till the sky once more was  
blue.

Homeward over the downs we went  
Soaked to the heart with sweet content;

April's anger is swift to fall,  
April's wonder is worth it all.  
—Henry Newbolt, in The London Spectator.

The police dogs of Ghent have proved so successful that the Paris police have purchased three of them to aid in clearing the Bois de Boulogne of its footpads and dangerous night prowlers. As \$240 has to be paid for them, trained police dogs

cannot be said to be cheap. They are stationed at Neuilly and are giving every satisfaction. The riffraff of the Bois are much more afraid of them than of the police, and seldom try to get away from them. The canine force is soon to be increased.—New York Tribune.

### A BARBER'S BILL.

THE CASE OF A YOUNG MAN WHO  
GAVE TOO LARGE AN ORDER.

A young man entered a barber shop the other day intending to get a shave. Owing to the dulcet pleadings of the operating attendant, he consented to a hair-cut, a shampoo, a singe, a face massage and several other luxuries constantly on tap in the establishment. When the orgy was over, the victim received a bill for \$2.80 and as he contemplated the figures with some astonishment and alarm the proprietor said "We filled your order, aren't you satisfied?" His reply was "I guess I ordered it, but I'm not satisfied." His situation was in no sense comparable to that of the man who purchases a Gourlay piano. He is always satisfied. The other day in one mail, the firm of Gourlay, Winter and Leeming received four letters from happy owners of Gourlay pianos. Mrs. Lucy Ward of Battleford, said: "The piano has weathered the most severe winter in a most satisfactory manner." Mr. A. Walter of Salt Spring Island, B.C., said: "We consider the piano a very fine instrument and it is generally much admired." Mrs. (Rev.) R. C. Pollock of Treherne, Man., said: "We find the piano to be all you claim for it." And Mrs. Fred L. Griffith of Melbourne, Ont., had this to say: "We are much pleased with our piano and we believe your pianos are finding favor in this community, for there are now five here." Not only in Melbourne, but in all parts of Canada, the Gourlay is finding favor as a high class instrument of rich and luscious tone and built of the best material available.